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SIXPENCE.

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THE NOTE OF MOURNING AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE BLACK-ROBED PEERESSES.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

As the Court is in mourning owing to the death of King Christian IX. of Denmark, black was worn by all the Peeresses at the opening of Parliament. This was also the case at the first Parliament the King opened immediately after Queen Victoria's death. The general effect of the dark robes is said to be far finer than it is when colours are worn.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE papers of course are filled to bursting with the affairs of the opening of Parliament. To judge from some of the discussions, the principal difficulty seems to lie in the matter of space. Apparently we are not always correct when we call the winning of an entrance to Parliament the winning of a seat in Parliament. You may stand for Parliament and succeed, and still be left standing. I have heard it firmly asserted by persons of information (I cannot tell myself if it is true) that at no time would the actual seats of the House of Commons accommodate all the members of the House of Commons if all the members of the House of Commons were by some miracle to turn up at once. The men who built the room for our senators calmly assumed that some of our senators would always be shirks. It is not often that a man can thus convey cynicism in the measurements of furniture. It is not often that he can express a sneer in the very shape of a room.

If this is so, that the Commons' House will not hold all the Commons, it is a very good example of what we call the anomalies of the English Constitution. It is also, I think, a very good example of how highly undesirable those anomalies really are. Most Englishmen say that these anomalies do not matter; they are not ashamed of being illogical; they are proud of being illogical. Lord Macaulay (a very typical Englishman, romantic, prejudiced, poetical), Lord Macaulay said that he would not lift his hand to get rid of an anomaly that was not also a grievance. Many other sturdy romantic Englishmen say the same. They boast of our anomalies; they boast of our illogicality; they say it shows what a practical people we are. They are utterly wrong. Lord Macaulay was in this matter, as in a few others, utterly wrong. Anomalies do matter very much, and do a great deal of harm; abstract illogicalities do matter a great deal, and do a great deal of harm. And this for a reason that anyone at all acquainted with human nature can see for himself. All injustice begins in the mind. And anomalies accustom the mind to the idea of unreason and untruth. Suppose I had by some prehistoric law the power of forcing every man in Battersea to nod his head three times before he got out of bed. The practical politicians might say that this power was a harmless anomaly; that it was not a grievance. It could do my subjects no harm; it could do me no good. The people of Battersea, they would say, might safely submit to it. But the people of Battersea could not safely submit to it, for all that. If I had nodded their heads for them for fifty years I could cut off their heads for them at the end of it with immeasurably greater ease. For there would have permanently sunk into every man's mind the notion that it was a natural thing for me to have a fantastic and irrational power. They would have grown accustomed to insanity.

For, in order that men should resist injustice, something more is necessary than that they should think injustice unpleasant. They must think injustice *absurd*; above all, they must think it startling. They must retain the violence of a virgin astonishment. That is the explanation of the singular fact which must have struck many people in the relations of philosophy and reform. It is the fact (I mean) that optimists are more practical reformers than pessimists. Superficially, one would imagine that the railer would be the reformer; that the man who thought that everything was wrong would be the man to put everything right. In historical practice the thing is quite the other way; curiously enough, it is the man who likes things as they are who really makes them better. The optimist Dickens has achieved more reforms than the pessimist Gissing. A man like Rousseau has far too rosy a theory of human nature; but he produces a revolution. A man like Dr. Johnson thinks that almost all things are depressing; but he is a Conservative, and wishes to keep them as they are. A man like Shelley believes existence to be kindly; but he is a rebel. A man like Swift believes existence to be cruel; but he is a Tory. Everywhere the man who alters things begins by liking things. And the real explanation of this success of the optimistic reformer, of this failure of the pessimistic reformer, is, after all, an explanation of sufficient simplicity. It is because the optimist can look at wrong not only with indignation, but with a startled indignation. When the pessimist looks at any infamy, it is to him, after all, only a repetition of the infamy of existence. The Court of Chancery is indefensible—like mankind. The Inquisition is abominable—like the stars. But the optimist sees injustice as something discordant and unexpected, and it stings him into action. The pessimist can be enraged at wrong; but only the optimist can be surprised at it.

And it is the same with the relations of an anomaly to the logical mind. The pessimist resents evil (like Lord Macaulay) solely because it is a grievance. The optimist resents it also, because it is an anomaly; a contradiction to his conception of the course of things.

And it is not at all unimportant, but on the contrary most important, that this course of things in politics and elsewhere should be lucid, explicable, and defensible. When people have got used to unreason they can no longer be startled at injustice. When people have grown familiar with an anomaly, they are prepared to that extent for a grievance; they may think the grievance grievous, but they can no longer think it strange. Take, if only as an excellent example, the very matter with which we began; I mean the seats, or rather the lack of seats, in the House of Commons. Perhaps it is true that under the best conditions it would never happen that every member turned up. Perhaps a complete attendance would never actually be. But who can tell how much influence in keeping members away may have been exerted by this calm assumption that they would stop away? How can any man be expected to help to make a full attendance when he knows that a full attendance is actually forbidden? How can the men who make up the Chamber do their duty reasonably when the very men who built the House have not done theirs reasonably? If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle? And what if the remarks of the trumpet take this form, "I charge you as you love your King and country to come to this Council. And I know you won't."

I made some observations a week or two ago about the desirability of some gorgeousness and pageantry in the opening of Parliament. I am pleased to find that there was plenty of it. But as some friendly philosophers have differed from me upon this point of the desirability of grandiose ritual, I can illustrate my sense of its human necessity by a very topical parallel. Compare, for instance, the ceremony of the King opening Parliament with the ceremony surrounding Miss Roosevelt's marriage. There you have conditions in which originally ceremonial has been abolished. Theoretically, the President's daughter is nobody; theoretically, there is no pageantry surrounding her. Actually, there is an enormous pageantry surrounding her; only it is a vulgar pageantry. Human nature demands ritual everywhere. Abolish your ritual, and you get an inferior ritual. Destroy your impressive ceremony, and all you get in return is an unimpressive ceremony. King Edward has borne in front of him a Sword of State. The Sword of State is useless as a sword, but as a symbol it is simple, poetical, and popular. The American bride was presented with an enormous rifle in solid gold. It was useless as a gun, and as a symbol it was not simple or poetical or anything else; it was a symbol of nothing except blank bathos and bad taste. Do not let us talk of getting rid of symbolism: it is impossible to get rid of symbolism—but you can get rid of good symbolism if you like.

I see that Mr. Bernard Shaw has again got into hot water, if indeed he can be said ever to get out of it. For my part, in a world so full of secrecies and corruption as this, I sympathise with the man who makes a row; making a row is certainly the essential prelude to making anything else. The man who kicks up a shindy will probably improve the morals of mankind; he will beyond any question improve his own. In short, I believe in getting into hot water. I think it keeps you clean. And, moreover, there is a great deal of elementary absurdity about the bursts of indignation that greet utterances such as that of Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw writes a letter in which he says that he thinks that most amateur theatricals are pretentious and silly. He may be right or he may be wrong; but manifestly he has a right to criticise private theatricals, as much as he has a right to criticise the clouds in the sky. It is perfectly childish to talk (as I see numerous journalists are talking) about "an insult to amateur actors." What is an insult? In one sense, a critic only exists to offer insults; he is a professional insulter. If he is not there to object to the mental or moral condition of certain people, what is he there for? Of all the weak-minded manifestations of the modern cowardice, perhaps the most contemptible is this assumption of a collective sensitiveness, this banding of a class together against its critics. If you think the London drama dull, it is an insult to actors. If you think the London streets ugly, it is an insult to architects. If you suggest that the London streets are dirty, it is an insult to the sacred Guild of Crossing-Sweepers. The whole of our moral indignation is to be reserved, apparently, for those who point out an evil; we are never to insult anybody except when we insult the insulter of wrong. We want to get rid of the whole idea of "insult" in this sense. A state of freedom ought to mean a state in which no man can silence another. As it is, it means a state in which every man must silence himself. It ought to mean that Mr. Shaw can say a thing twenty times, and still not make me believe it. As it is, it means that Mr. Shaw must leave off saying it, because my exquisite nerves will not endure to hear somebody saying something with which I do not agree. Freedom means that we cannot oppress each other. But unless we insult each other we shall never do anything.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." AT THE WALDORF.

NOT long ago an audacious heretic expressed the wish that Shakespeare's plays could be buried for a generation. For a different reason from his, one could almost desire a similar fate for the most commonly acted comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan; or, better still, implore the advent of a theatrical manager with courage enough to flout all the so-called traditions which have fastened like a rust upon the more popular eighteenth century stage-literature and to force his actors to study their parts afresh, ignoring the while the glosses slavishly followed or slowly augmented by their predecessors. It is not as if this gagging and by-play, which stifles all genuine originality in the actors, could be excused as enshrining the author's stage-directions; often enough it can be shown, by comparison with the original text, to be in actual conflict with the dramatist's own intention. An instance of how extravagances of "business" can mar an otherwise vigorous and mirthful modern representation of old comedy is furnished in the current Waldorf revival of "She Stoops to Conquer." Here, with Mr. Cyril Maude always in the picture as old Hardcastle; with Miss Winifred Emery, just because her style is so exquisitely mannered and consummately artificial, a perfect old-comedy heroine; with Mrs. Calvert a splendidly snobbish Mrs. Hardcastle, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar a delightful, because high-spirited, Miss Neville; with Mr. Paul Arthur genially alternating dare-devilry and timidity in Young Marlowe; and Mr. Sydney Brough sustaining his family's traditions in the rôle of that amusing oaf, Tony Lumpkin, we ought to have had something like an ideal representation of Goldsmith's comedy. And yet certain of the comedians, by going one better than their predecessors, imperil the playwright's reputation for humour, and render his story, which is admittedly improbable, altogether inconceivable. Some of the new Tony's gags would have made Goldsmith's hair stand on end; while the most complacent of innkeepers could never have tolerated the insolence with which the latest Young Marlowe treats his host. Mr. Cyril Maude should teach his lieutenants his own restraint.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER." AT THE CRITERION.

How far a dramatist is justified in taking advantage of a caprice of nature and writing a play round a diminutive actor, who has the engaging appearance of a cherubic baby and the self-possession and resource of a first-rate comedian; how far an audience may legitimately find enjoyment in situations whose comic effect depends on so strange a combination of incongruities—these are questions which are perhaps best left undiscussed in connection with the production of Mr. Michael Morton's new Criterion farce, "The Little Stranger." What, apart from such consideration, is certain is that the spectacle this play affords of a mere infant suddenly showing himself able to walk, smoking and drinking like an adult, and talking with more than the average grown-up's sense of humour, and all a schoolboy's mischievousness, is from its very outrageousness overwhelmingly laughable. Equally indubitable is the success with which sixteen-year-old Master Edward Garratt realises the picture of a pretty baby boy in short clothes, and the cleverness with which he takes the burden of the whole piece on his own small shoulders. Mr. Morton's idea in his story supposes a talented dwarf to be substituted for a baby which he resembles, and to pose as this baby with its father's soul reincarnated in it, all in order to cure a silly mother of coquetting with spiritualism. It is not a very nice idea, but most playgoers will probably pardon it readily enough for the sake of the quaint precocity of the "little stranger."

TOLSTOY IN FRENCH.

A long play which contains so much that is purely didactic in its dialogue, as does M. Bataille's adaptation of Tolstoy's great novel, "Resurrection," and cannot from the mere necessities of the stage reflect that meticulous delight in minute photographic detail which has always been the Russian novelist's chief charm and characteristic—a play, that is to say, that can give but the skeleton of the story plus its author's sermons by the way, is bound to suffer if it is not decked out with abundant spectacle. Compared with the splendidly-staged version offered some time ago by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's, there seems something bald about the plainer French production now to be seen at the New Royalty Theatre. The weaknesses of the piece are therefore thrown into high relief—its melodramatic basis for one thing, its sermonising for another. Not even M. Luguet's fluent declamation can make us tolerate readily the model harangues of the converted libertine Prince who is called to sit in judgment on a victim of his own sin. There remains, of course, the harrowing picture of La Maslowa, the unfortunate heroine who is shown successively tempted, betrayed, callously indifferent, and redeemed. Very picturesque are the various stages of her career represented by Mlle. Berthe Bady, an actress with considerable melodramatic intensity, who created the part in Paris.



## PARLIAMENT.

THREE hours was not too long on Monday for many of his Majesty's loyal subjects to wait for the State procession from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords. The absence of the Queen did something to mitigate the gaiety of hearts at King Edward's sixth opening of Parliament; the sodden air and the use of great-coats made the military guard and escort less dazzling, but under the Victoria Tower, from the Royal Entrance to the Robing-Room, the crimson and the scarlet, the gold and the sheen of steel, restored the more usual air of pomp and circumstance.

At two o'clock, preluded by the fanfare of trumpets and the insignia of State, his Majesty slowly paced in robe of crimson velvet through the Royal Gallery to his solitary throne. The Earl of Sefton, Master of the Horse, had occupied the royal carriage, and now walked behind the two pages of honour who bore the train of the velvet robe. The Chamber itself was one blaze of colour and of beauty—jewels flashing amid the dark robes of mourning Peers, the Peers in brighter scarlet, the Ambassadors in still more varied splendour. Ermine and wigs composed the Judges, ermine and crimson the Bishops, and the floor was carpeted with scarlet and snow-white ermine. The field of colour surged at the royal entrance, and then subsided at the words, "My Lords, pray be seated."

A personal note introducing his Majesty's Speech made it no formal ceremony. The King of Denmark's death, the absence of the Queen, the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India, and the welcome visit to this country of the King of the Hellenes formed a fitting prologue to the more political programme. Foreign affairs were then declared satisfactory, trade improving, and retrenchment of expense under consideration. Constitutions granting responsible government not only to the Transvaal, but also to the Orange River Colony are being framed, Irish government may be remodelled, rural depopulation dealt with, London rates equalised, the Education, Trades Disputes, and Workmen's Compensation Acts amended.

The Peers debated with traditional discretion on the Speech so admirably delivered. The Marquess of Northampton, who moved the Address, declared that as a landlord in the East End, he approved the proposal for the equalisation of rates over the whole Metropolis. Lord Herschell, who seconded, welcomed to Parliament the new Labour members, whose knowledge and advice would be of the greatest practical use in dealing with workmen's measures. The Marquess of Lansdowne, with eloquence that only his diplomacy could equal, promised the assistance of the Opposition to any steps which should place and retain on the soil a larger portion of the population, and disclaimed any desire on the part of his House to obstruct measures carrying into effect the views of the constituencies.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain took the unusual course of not complimenting the Mover of the Address on his speech, irritated by the latter's references to tariff reform. Mr. F. D. Acland, the Second, won the encomiums that Mr. W. H. Dickinson had lost, and Mr. Chamberlain then proceeded to attack the Government, particularly on their attitude to Chinese labour. The Prime Minister, who rose to reply, hinted at the lines on which Chinese labour and responsible government in South Africa would be dealt with. Mr. Redmond rejoiced that Irish administration had again come to the front, and Mr. Keir Hardie indicated the attitude of the Labour party. Mr. Herbert Paul rounded up the first day's proceedings with a violent onslaught on the late Government.

On Tuesday the debate on the Address was continued. The President of the Board of Trade gave notice that he would at an early date introduce the Equalisation of Rates (London) Bill. Mr. Chamberlain, annoyed at some remarks of Mr. Ellis Griffith on his attitude towards Chinese labour, abruptly left the House.

## THE CITY ELECTION.

MR. BALFOUR began his electoral campaign in the City on Feb. 19 with an early morning visit to Billingsgate Market. He did not make any speech, but contented himself with going round among the dealers, shaking hands and making acquaintances. Someone wished to ask a question about retaliation in herrings, but Mr. Deputy Sayer, who accompanied Mr. Balfour, would not permit the candidate to be heckled. Generally, Mr. Balfour's reception by the fish-dealers was encouraging. Later in the day, he spoke in the Commercial Sale-Rooms in Mincing Lane before a very large audience. Mr. Balfour said that as he knew there must be many of his hearers there who did not agree with his views, and as he understood that his being asked to speak there was more or less of a privilege, he would avoid controversial subjects. It would suffice, he said, that he should warmly thank them all, whatever their politics, for the welcome they had given him. Mr. Balfour is to be opposed by Mr. Gibson Bowles, who was unanimously selected by the City Liberal Council. Mr. Bowles says that he is to fight the battle of Free Trade, the most momentous that has been fought in this ancient City of London. When he heard that the seat was likely to go uncontested, he resolved to fling his hat into the ring, and he would not leave the ring without having done his duty.

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Patron—HIS MAJESTY the KING.

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# THE FUNERAL OF KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK: THE LAST SCENE IN COPENHAGEN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COPENHAGEN.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT THE RAILWAY STATION, COPENHAGEN, EN ROUTE FOR ROSKILDE.

The coffin was placed on an open car, over which was a canopy dressed in black and silver. It was covered by the national flag, and the body of the car was heavily draped with velvet. The hearse was drawn by six horses with black trappings. The pall-bearers were twenty-four officers of the Danish Army and Navy.



# SYMBOLISM OF STATE AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Marquess of Winchester.

Earl of Crewe.

Marquess of Ripon.

THE KING PASSING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE ROYAL GALLERY ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 19.

The King, wearing his full Parliamentary robes, passed from the Robing-Room through the Royal Gallery to the House of Lords. Before his Majesty went the Marquess of Ripon, Lord Privy Seal, bearing the Royal Crown; Lord Crewe, Lord-President of the Council, bearing the Sword of State; and the Marquess of Winchester, bearing the Cap of Maintenance.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## The Burial of King Christian.

On Feb. 18 the obsequies of King Christian IX. were brought to a close at Roskilde, the ancient resting-place of the Danish Sovereigns. The church was crowded with a picturesque assembly representing all nationalities. The chief mourners were King Frederick VIII., the King of Greece, the German Emperor, the King of Norway, the Duke of Cumberland, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Queen of Denmark, Queen Alexandra, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Queen of Norway. All the foreign Courts were represented except that of Servia. The mourners advanced up the nave to Hartman's Funeral March for Thorwaldsen, and took their places around the catafalque. After a hymn Bishop Roedam delivered an address, and when another hymn had been sung the coffin was borne to the Chapel of Frederick V., where the final burial service was read by Dean Pauli, the Court Chaplain. Immediately after the funeral the mourners returned by special train to Copenhagen, and the German Emperor, without calling at the Amalienborg Palace, went on board the *Preussen* and sailed for Kiel.

## Our Portraits.

Prince Eitel Fritz, the second son of the German Emperor, is to marry Duchess Sophia Charlotte of Oldenburg on Feb. 27, which will be his father's silver-wedding day. The bride is to make her State entry into Berlin to-day, Feb. 24.

The Right Rev. James Robert Alexander Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, died at Ballachulish on Feb. 16 after a long illness. One of the Haldanes of Gleneagles, he was the son of the late Mr. Alexander Haldane, proprietor and director of the *Record*. He was educated at the Grammar School, Bury St. Edmunds, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1864. Three years later he was ordained priest, and held his first curacy at Calne, in Wiltshire. A year later he went to the Scottish Episcopal Church, was for a time curate of All Saints, Edinburgh, and was then incumbent of St. John's, Ballachulish, and St. Mary Glencoe. He was then incumbent of St. Bride's, Nether Lochaber. In 1881 he became Dean of Argyll and the Isles, and two years later was elected and was consecrated at Fort William on St. Bartholomew's Day. In 1864 he married Anna, only child and heiress of the late Rev. Sir Nicholas Chinnery.

None will question the wisdom of the decision that has made Mr. Owen Seaman editor of *Punch* in succession to Sir Francis Burnand, who has retired. "O. S." is not only familiar to the readers of the "London Charivari" by his admirable light verse, but, as assistant-editor for the past three years, he has proved his possibilities as a "Staff" man. His first contribution to Mr. Punch's pages was a parody of Kipling's "Rhyme of Three Sealers," entitled "The Rhyme of the Kipperling," published in January 1894, and three years later he became a member of *Punch's* regular staff. Like Sir Francis, he is a Cambridge man. His best-known works in book form are "Borrowed Plumes," "The Battle of the Bays," "In Cap and Bells," and "A Harvest of Chaff." In this week's *Punch*, Sir Francis Burnand writes "Just a few Words at Parting." He recalls how he joined the staff in 1863 under Mark Lemon's wise and genial rule. The neophyte was heartily welcomed by Thackeray.

The death of Mr. Carl Joubert on Friday last removes one of the sensational personalities of the literary world. Mr. Joubert wrote of the secret politics of Russia not only with the manner of one who knew their every intricacy, but in the manner of a prophet. Certain of his predictions were borne out by fact—sufficient, indeed, to gain him some reputation as a seer—others remain to be proved. Of his history little is known, but it is assumed that he was a merchant who lived in Russia for some years, travelled over a considerable portion of the Tsar's dominions, and was drawn



Photo. Feilner.

TO BE MARRIED ON THE KAISER'S SILVER WEDDING DAY, FEBRUARY 27: PRINCE EITEL FRITZ AND HIS FIANCEE, DUCHESS SOPHIA CHARLOTTE OF OLDENBURG.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. OWEN SEAMAN.  
The New Editor of "Punch."



Photo. Langley.

THE LATE CARL JOUBERT,  
Russia's Frankest Critic.



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE DR. CHINNERY-HALDANE,  
Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

into the revolutionary movement. He was a fairly prolific writer, and, in addition to his books, produced articles for a number of periodicals, including, it will be remembered, this Journal.

caused in the past few days by the report of a rising of Kaffirs in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Natal. It has been explained that the disturbance is the result of the imposition of a poll-tax, which affects

## Trouble with Kaffirs in Natal.

Some little excitement has been caused in the past few days by the report of a rising of Kaffirs in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Natal. It has been explained that the disturbance is the result of the imposition of a poll-tax, which affects the younger and more restless Kaffirs, who, not being the owners of kraals, have not been called upon to pay the hut-tax, which has been levied without disturbance for so many years past. When the discontented Kaffirs took action a fortnight ago, killing an inspector and wounding a policeman, fear was expressed lest the country should suffer from a general armed rising of the black population; but there seems to be no real occasion for uneasiness. Although Natal has no more than a couple of hundred Imperial troops, the Militia number over three thousand, and there are in addition some five hundred Mounted Police, of whose hard riding and straight shooting there can be no question. Moreover, the chief of the tribe to which the guilty parties belong was in Pietermaritzburg when the outrage occurred, and at once offered to place his services at the disposal of the authorities. The little rising affords a useful reminder that a poll-tax is decidedly dangerous, and we can never forget that the Kaffirs are seldom ruled by reason and that they are not very far removed from a state of savagery.



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF KING CHRISTIAN IN THE CASTLE CHURCH, COPENHAGEN.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY E. ARBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COPENHAGEN.

## At Algeciras.

We have been assured in both Houses of Parliament that the Algeciras Conference pursues a normal course, and that hopes may be reasonably entertained for its happy termination. Such official optimism is pleasant, but the reports from the tiny Spanish seaport do little to justify it, nor does the Press of Paris regard the situation with any approach to equanimity. No agreement has been reached in the matter of the police control, for Germany has refused to grant a mandate to France and to Spain, and France is said to have reached the limit of the concessions she is prepared to make. On the other hand, it does not seem unreasonable to believe that suggestions for granting a special sphere of influence to Germany in Mogador have been summarily rejected, and that the honest broker will be compelled to forego all fees. It is clear that much intrigue has been associated with the Conference, and that many propositions of vital interest to Morocco have been discussed in other places than the Council Chamber, much against the wishes of the French delegates. Many years must need elapse before the true story of a remarkably interesting political experiment is given to the world at large, but it is likely that a few days will suffice to prove the Conference abortive, unless the delegates leave the question of police control and turn to other and less controversial matters, seeking by a series of agreements to pave the way to settlement of the most serious item on their programme.

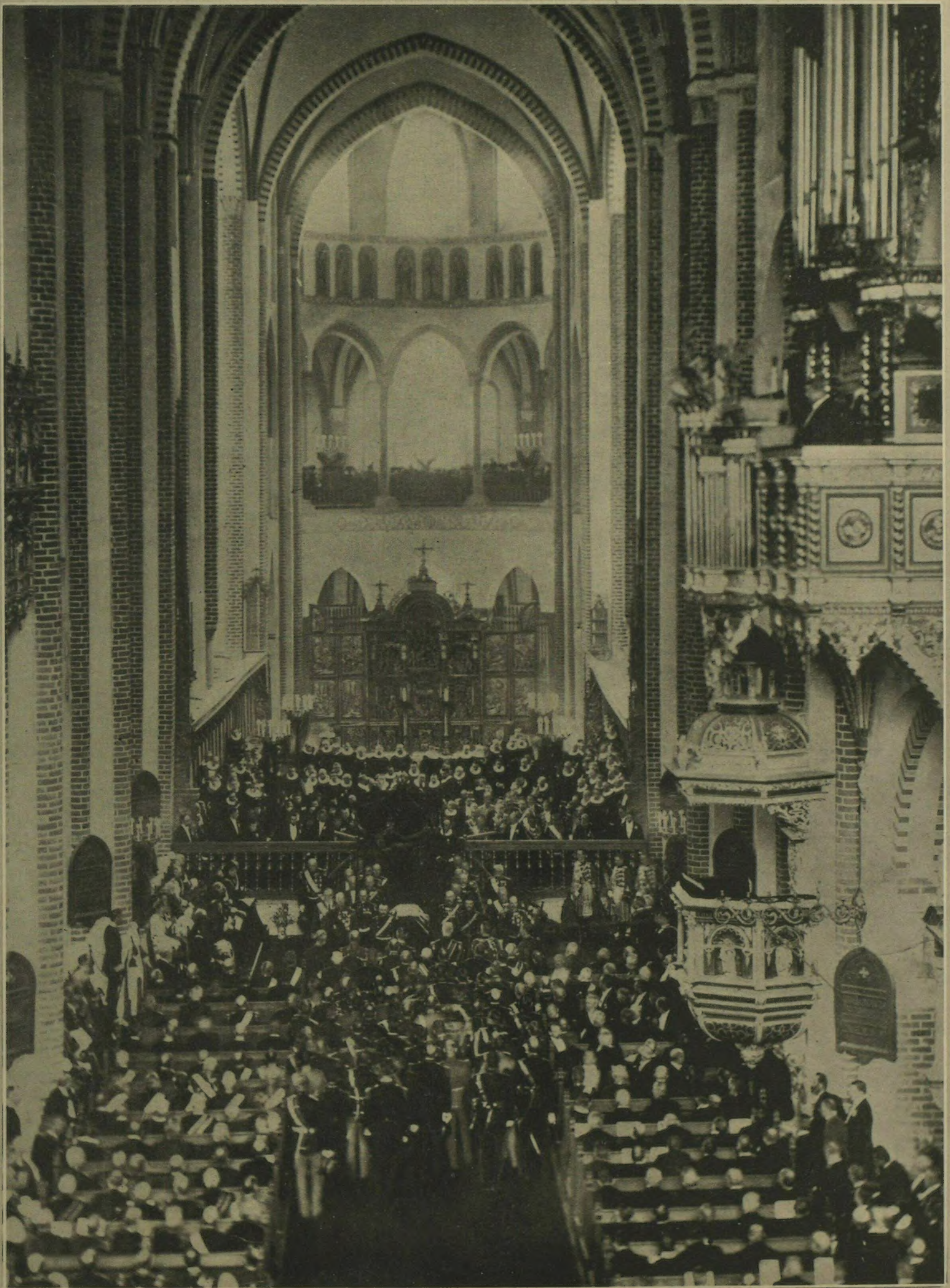
## Germany and the United States.

Down to a few days ago it seemed highly probable that a tariff war between Germany and the United States would break out on Thursday next. Germany had given notice that she would enforce extreme rates against America on March 1, but now at the last moment Mr. Root and Baron Speck von Sternberg have taken council together, with the result that the infliction of maximum duties on American imports stands postponed for a year. News of this development will be received with pleasure throughout Europe, for it cannot be to the interest of the civilised world that two great nations like Germany and America should enter into a violent quarrel upon questions in which both sides are, perhaps, to blame. As a result of the negotiations that have come to a successful issue in Washington, the German Imperial Government has brought forward a Bill to accord the most-favoured-nation treatment to the United States of America until June 30, 1907, on the basis of the new German Tariff. In view of the somewhat vexed condition of Europe it is part of German policy to seek the most pleasant methods of settling all disputes that do not concern the immediate development of her *Welt-Politik*.



## THE LAST SCENE AT ROSKILDE: KING CHRISTIAN'S FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.

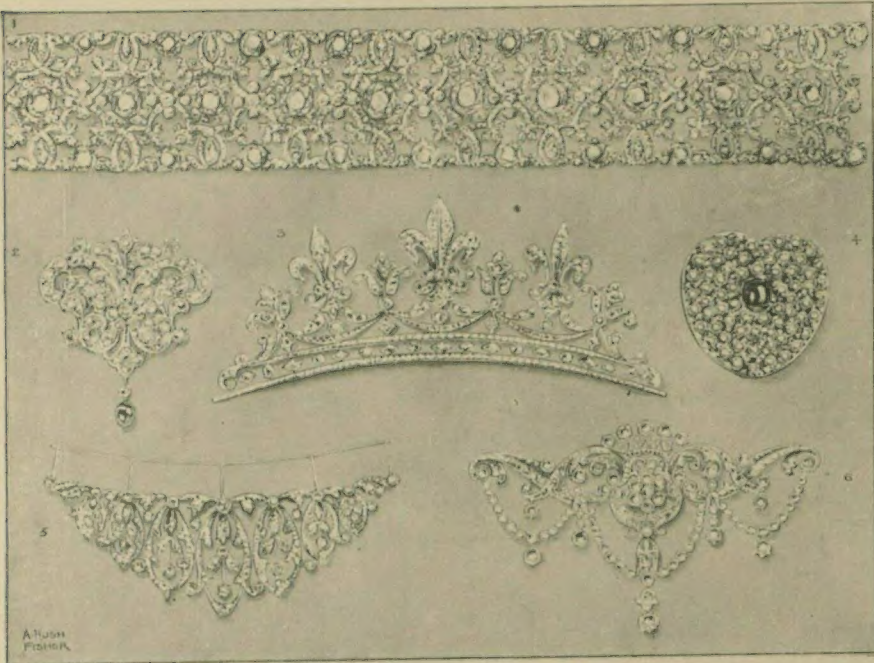


### THE REQUIEM OF A WELL-LOVED MONARCH: THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN ROSKILDE CATHEDRAL.

The scene was marvellously picturesque, and was even mediaeval in its setting. Particularly quaint were the clergy in the choir, with their Geneva gowns and ruffs. Around the catafalque were the chief mourners, who included the Kings of Denmark and Norway and the German Emperor, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince John of Oldenburg, Queen Alexandra, the Dowager-Empress of Russia, the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of Norway, and the Duchess of Cumberland. Every European Court, except Servia, was represented in the congregation.



## THE WAY OF THE WORLD IN PICTURE AND STORY.



MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S JEWELS.

1. Diamond Collar with enormous Stones set in Platinum.
2. Diamond Locket with Emerald Pendant, from Secretary Taft.
3. Diamond and Ruby Tiara; one of the largest ever made by Tiffany.
4. Diamond Locket with Emerald Centre, from Secretary Taft.
5. Diamond and Ruby Breast-plate set in Platinum and Gold.
6. Diamond Pendant.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

LABOUR IN EXCELSIS: MR. JOHN BURNS IN HIS MINISTERIAL UNIFORM.

The President of the Local Government Board wore his uniform for the first time at the Prime Minister's banquet on February 18, and on February 20 the public had a glimpse of him in his official glory as he entered Buckingham Palace when he attended for the King's Levée. Ridiculous stories went about that at Mr. Burns's recent interview with the King the Minister showed cause why he should not wear uniform; but the Member for Battersea shirks no responsibility of office.



Chautauqua photo. Co.

THE LAST RELIC OF ENGLISH POWER IN AMERICA:  
THE REDOUBT AT PITTSBURG.

The redoubt, which is a relic of the War of Independence, is the only piece of English fortification now remaining in the United States. The Pittsburg people preserve it carefully.



THE BOYCOTTED VICAR.

Owing to his attitude to a lady popular in the parish, the Vicar of Stoke Lyne, the Rev. William Bryant, has for some time been boycotted by his congregation. Last Sunday the Vicar went through the whole service to empty benches.



E. PHOTO. &amp; GALL.

THE NEW HOME OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY  
AT CHRISTIANIA.

The building stands within fifteen minutes' walk of the Storthing. The price paid by the British Government is not known, but the last time the house changed hands 600,000 kroner was given for it.



Photo. Park.

THE PARLIAMENT OF LABOUR AT THE MEMORIAL HALL.

The meeting was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, under the auspices of the Labour Representation Committee. There were present 350 delegates from a million workmen. Here Labour was in full power, for the assemblage was one of workers only. At Westminster the party, though powerful, must still submit to the penalties of a minority.

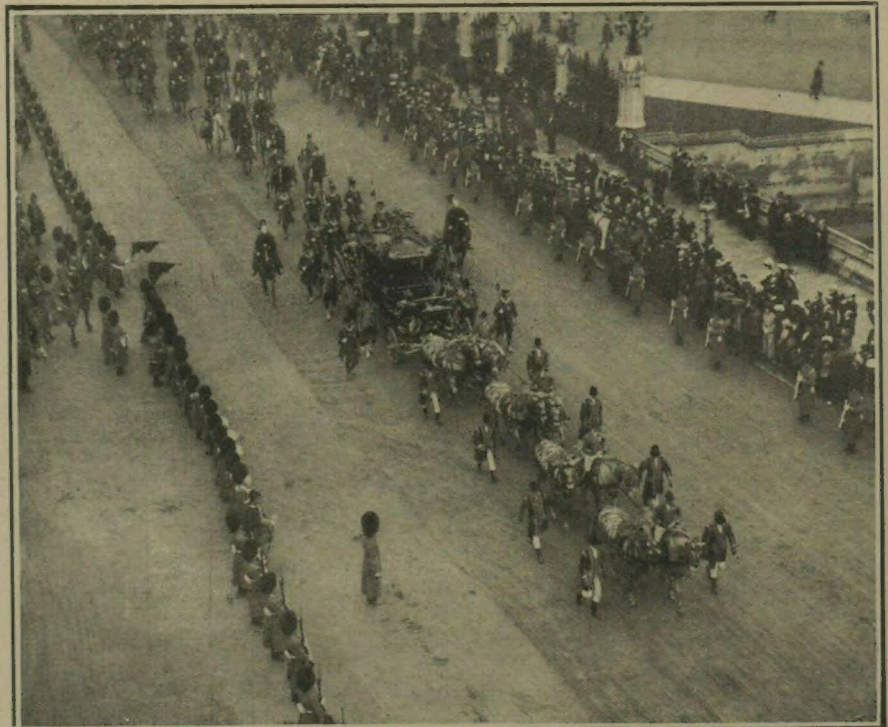


Photo. Park.

THE KING ON HIS WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.

Since the King's Accession his Majesty has always opened Parliament in full State. This year he proceeded to Westminster with the usual pageantry, and used the old gilded State coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses. Our photograph was taken just as the procession was passing New Palace Yard.



# WILD WATERS.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER

## PART II.

THE trial took place in the large office room of the Consulate. The big front doors stood open to the sea, where a mile away the breakers tossed and tumbled on the barrier reef. The back door was kept shut to keep out the meaner noises of domesticity, but at intervals in the course of the trial you could hear the deliberate grinding of the Consular coffee, the chasing of Consular chickens, the counting of the Consular wash, shrill arguments over the price of fish—a grotesque juxtaposition that seemed to make a mock of the whole proceedings. The Consul, in well-starched white clothes and pipe-clayed shoes, sat on a dais beneath the crossed flags of his country, giving the effect of an elegant and patriotic waxwork. Below him were the four assessors, sunburned, commonish seafaring men, with enormous hands that they did not know what to do with, who moved uneasily in their chairs, and looked about for places to spit—and then didn't! One, whose brawny arms far exceeded the shrunken sleeves of his jumper, unbared to view on his hairy skin the tattooed form of a naked mermaid. A table stood in the centre of the uncarpeted room with a lawyer on either side—Purdy, the goaty-haired, messy, elderly man, half-blind, sharp-voiced, rasping out his case. Opposite him, Thacher—a slinky, mean-looking young man, who was reputed to have left New Zealand under a cloud. He looked what he was, a cheap lawyer's clerk, of the pinched, hungry variety you see in gloomy ante-rooms. At the head of the table was Dillon, the everlasting dictatee, his dyed black whiskers drooping in the heat, who raised a fat hand from time to time as a break on outstripping tongues. And there the Captain, the cause of all this singular assembly, tilting back in his chair, or occasionally leaning over to whisper into his counsel's ear—spare, angular, careworn—with his grim mouth and resolute air, as though the soul within him refused to be cowed by such droning tomfoolery.

Beside the front door was a shabby basket-work sofa, where members of the public were entitled to sit. They would tiptoe in, these members of the public, furtively, as though expecting to be shot on sight, the bolder ones perhaps exchanging a whisper, the weaker brethren silent, and trembling if they caught an official eye. Outside, on the steps of the broad verandah, the brothers Scanlon lolled and slumbered, with pewter stars on their sweaty bosoms, enjoying the deep contentment that comes with two dollars and fifty cents a day.

The trial lasted two days, but judgment was held over for the third. The case against Saterlee was complete. The San Francisco affidavits, properly made out by competent hands, were confirmed by the confession of Ah Foy, the cook, who (besides Saterlee) was the only present member of the original crew. Saterlee set up the lame defence that he had purchased the vessel from Crawford, and was, therefore, her actual owner. He was sworn, and gave evidence accordingly, but Purdy's cross examination left him without a leg to stand on. He cut a pitiful figure as he floundered and lied and contradicted himself under the lash of that relentless tongue, miring himself ever deeper with explanations that did not explain and agitated references to a "conspiracy" whose object it was to ruin him. No, the only thing to be considered was the degree of punishment that would adequately off-set his crime.

On the reassembling of the court on the morning

of the third day, little Skiddy, from the majesty of the dais, summed up the case at length. It covered two sheets of foolscap, and had cost him hours of agonising toil. Beginning with a general rhetorical statement about the "policy of nations" and the "security of the high seas," he descended by degrees to the crime of barratry—or, in plainer English, the theft of ships. He looked at barratry from every side, and the more he looked the less he seemed to like it. It was the cradle of piracy; it destroyed the confidence of owners;

Purdy popped up with some question as to the scale of court fees. Thacher winked at Dillon, and began to roll up his papers. Skiddy descended from the dais, and became an ordinary human being again. The Captain, leaning forward in his chair, gazed absently out to sea. The Scanlon brothers appeared, officiously wanting to know what they were to do next. Skiddy was unable to tell them, except that they were to stay by the prisoner until he could consult with the authorities. He put on his hat, lit a cigar, and forthwith departed.

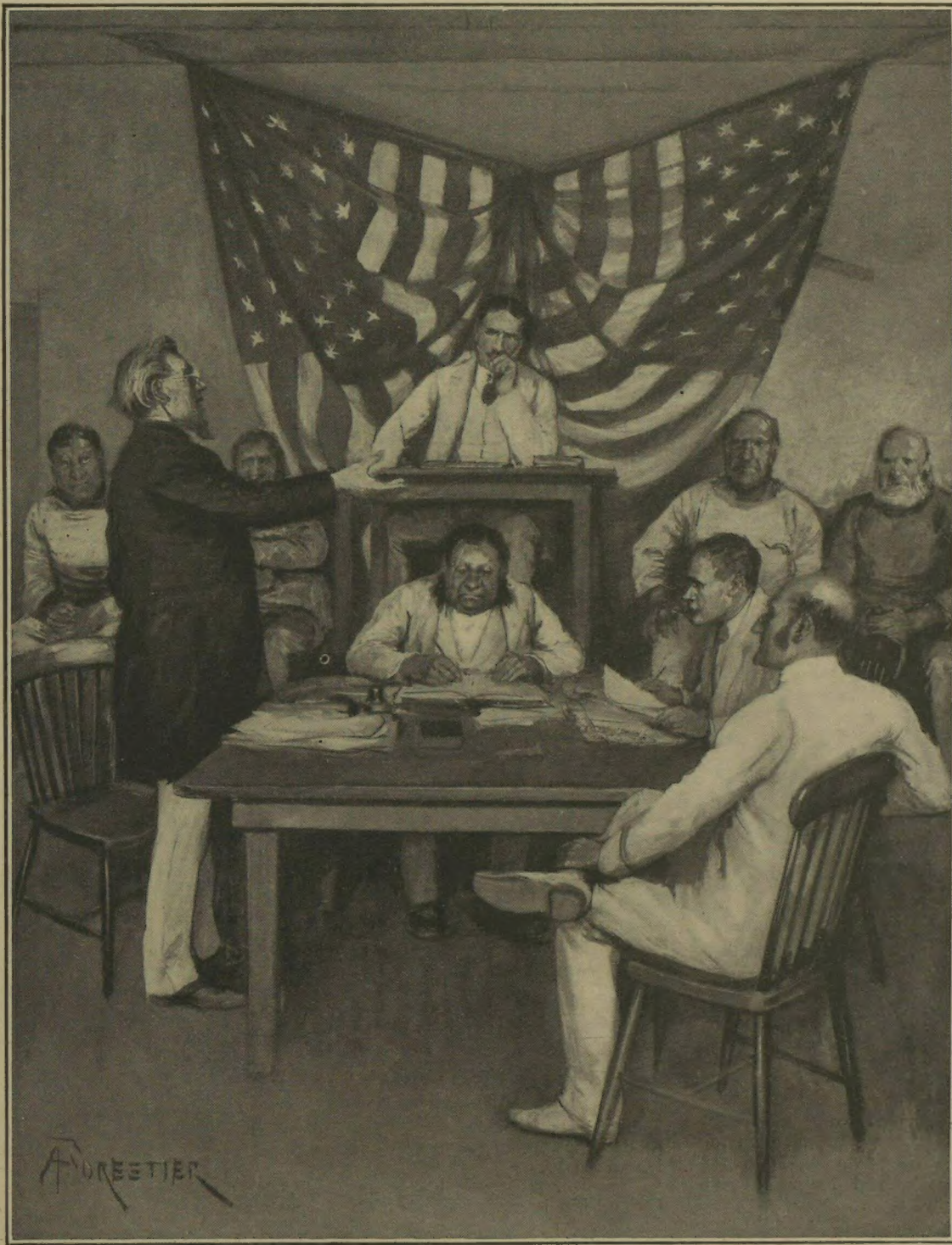
The President was kind, the Chief Justice urbane. The income of the kingdom barely sufficed for their two salaries, and they deemed it incumbent (as they could offer nothing else) to be as polite as possible to the American Consul. But jails? Oh, no, they couldn't oblige Skiddy with a new jail! He was welcome to what they had, but it wasn't in reason that he could expect anything better. Skiddy said it was a hog-pen. The President retorted that the King's allowance was eight months in arrears, and that the western end of the island was still in rebellion. Jails cost money, and they had no money. Skiddy declared it was an outrage, and asked them if they approved of putting a white man into a bare stockade, with none of the commonest conveniences or decencies of life? They were both shocked at the suggestion. The pride of race is very strong in barbarous countries. A white man is still a white man, even if he has committed all the crimes in the calendar. The Chief Justice very seriously pointed out that it would disgrace them all to confine Saterlee in the stockade, and force him to mix with the dregs of the native population. Surely, Mr. Skiddy could not consider such a thing for a moment. Mr. Skiddy wanted to know then, what in hell he was to do? The Chief Justice benignantly shook his head. He had no answer to that question. The President said suavely that perhaps next year, with an increased hut-tax and the suppression of the rebellion, the Government might see its way to—

"Next year!" roared Skiddy. "I want to know what I'm to do NOW!"

The two high officials gazed at him sadly. It was a great pity, they observed (with an air of gentle complaint) that Mr. Skiddy should have embarrassed the Government at a time when its whole position was

so precarious. Had he not better refer the matter to Washington? Doubtless Washington, recognising the fact that—Skiddy flung himself out lest his anger should get the best of him. He went and had another look at the jail, and liked it even less than before. Fugh, it was disgusting! It would kill a white man in a week. It would be nothing less than murder to put Saterlee into it. He returned to the Consulate to talk over the matter with the trusty Scanlons.

Would they consider a monthly arrangement on a reduced charge, giving Saterlee the best room in their cottage, and pledging themselves that he should never quit the confines of their three-acre coconut patch? The half-caste brothers fell in joyfully with the suggestion, and their first wild proposals were beaten down to forty dollars a month for custodianship, and fifteen dollars for the room and the transport of Saterlee's food from the International Hotel—fifty-five dollars in all. Thirty dollars a month for the hotel raised the grand total to eighty-five dollars. Skiddy



Purdy rasping out his case.

barratry, if frequently repeated, would shake the whole commercial structure. A person who committed barratry would commit anything. In this manner he went on and on, reviewing the evidence of the case, destroying the whole fabric of the defence, dwelling at length on the enormity of the entire transaction. The *James H. Peabody* had been deliberately seized. The prisoner had lawlessly converted her, the property of another, to his own base uses. He had broken into the cargo and shamelessly sold it as his own. He could plead neither the extenuation of youth, nor ignorance, nor the urging of others. He had conceived the crime, and had carried it out single-handed. The court could not accept the contention that Ah Foy, the Chinaman, had been in any sense a confederate or an accomplice. The court dismissed the charge against Ah Foy. But, after mature deliberation, its unanimous judgment was that John Forster, alias Saterlee, was *guilty*. The court sentenced John Forster, alias Saterlee, to *ten years' penal servitude*.



wondered ruefully whether Washington would ever endorse this arrangement, but in his desperation he couldn't see that he had any other choice. He would simply *make* Washington endorse it. It was with great relief that he saw the Captain's departure from a corner of his bed-room window, and felt that for the moment at least he had a welcome respite from all his perplexities.

He put a captain and crew on board the *James H. Peabody* and packed her back to San Francisco, at the same time apprising the State Department by mail, and begging that a telegraphic answer might be sent him in respect to Saterlee's imprisonment and the expense it had necessarily entailed. He calculated that the telegram would catch an outgoing man-of-war that was shortly due. The Consular salary was two hundred dollars a month, and if the eighty-five dollars for Saterlee was disallowed, the sum was indubitably bound to sink to one hundred and fifteen dollars. Deducting a further fifty, which little Skiddy was in the habit of remitting to his mother, a widow in narrow circumstances, and behold his income reduced to sixty-five a month! It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Skiddy waited on pins and needles for the Department's reply.

In the course of weeks it came—

*Skiddy U S consul apia samoa saterlee case the department authorises charge for food, but none for custody or lodging, bronson assistant secretary.*

This was a staggering blow. It definitely placed his salary at ninety-five dollars! He sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the Department, enclosing snapshot pictures of the jail, the prisoners, the huts, and other things that cannot be described here. It evolved an acrimonious reply in which he was bidden to be more respectful. He was at liberty (the dispatch continued), if he thought it advisable as an act of private charity, to maintain the convict Saterlee in a comfortable cottage, but the Department insisted that it should be at his, Skiddy's expense. The Department itself advocated the jail. If the situation was as disgraceful as he described it, ought not the onus be put on the Samoan Government, and thus place the Department in a position "to make strong representations through the usual diplomatic channels?"

"But in the meantime what would happen to Saterlee?" returned the Consul in official language across six thousand miles of sea and land.

"You are referred to the previous dispatch," retorted the Department.

"But it will kill him," said Skiddy, again crossing an ocean and a continent.

"If the convict Saterlee should become ill, you are at liberty to send him to the hospital."

"Yes, but there isn't any hospital," said Skiddy.

"The Department cannot withdraw from the position it took up, nor the principle it laid down in Dispatch No. 214B."

Thus the duel went on, while Skiddy cut down his cigars, sold his riding-horse, and generally economised. A regret stole over him that he hadn't sentenced Saterlee to a shorter term, and he looked up the "Consular Instructions" to see what pardoning powers he possessed. On this point the little book was dumb. Not so the Department, however, to whom a hint on the subject provoked the reply, "That by so doing you would stultify your previous action and impugn the finding of the Consular Court. The Department would view with grave displeasure, etc."!

Saterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison. His winning personality never showed to better advantage than in those days of

his eclipse. He dandled the Scanlon offspring on his knee; helped the women with their household tasks; played checkers with the burly brothers. He was prodigiously respected. He gathered in the Scanlon hearts, even to uncles and second cousins. You would have taken him for a patriarch in the bosom of a family of which he was the joy and pride. He received the best half-caste society on his front porch, and dispensed Scanlon hospitality with a lavish hand. These untutored souls had no proper conception of barratry. They couldn't see any crime in running away with a schooner. The fact of its being somebody else's schooner, and the somebody away off in the White Country, made the question appear almost abstract. They pitied the Captain as a bold spirit who had met with undeserved misfortunes. The Samoan has ever a sympathetic hand for the fallen mighty—and the hand is never empty of a gift. Bananas, pineapples, taro, sugar-cane, *palisami*, sucking-pigs, chickens, eggs, *valo*—all descended on Saterlee in wholesale lots. Girls brought him *leis* of flowers to wear round his neck; anonymous friends stole milk for his refreshment; pigeon-hunters, returning singing from the mountains, deferentially laid their best at his feet. He was consulted, and his advice taken, on intricate and

presented) of two friends spending a happy day together in the country. A Scanlon brother stood for the United States Government and the majesty of law, and propriety demanded his presence as peremptorily as a chaperon for a young lady. A Scanlon brother could be useful, too, in climbing coconut trees, rubbing sticks together when the matches were lost, and in guiding them to noble waterfalls far hidden in the recesses of the forest.

In this manner nearly a whole year passed, which, for the little Consul, represented an unavoidable monthly outlay of fifty-five dollars. He got somewhat used to it, as everybody gets somewhat used to everything; but he could not resist certain recurring intervals of depression when he contrasted his present circumstances with his bygone glory. Fifty-five dollars a month made a big hole in a Consular income, and he would gaze down that ten-year vista with a sinking heart. But relief was closer at hand than he had ever dared to hope. From the Department? No! But from Saterlee himself.

The news was brought to little Skiddy early one morning. Alfred Scanlon, with an air of gloom, deprecatingly coughed his way into the bedroom and handed the Consul a letter. It was written on pale pink notepaper, of the kind Samoans like best, with two lavender love-birds embossed in the corner. It was from Saterlee.

"Dear friend," it ran, "when this reaches you I shall be far to sea. My excuse for so long subsisting on your bounty must be laid to my ignorance, which was only illuminated two days ago by accident. I had no idea that you were paying for me out of your own private purse, or that my ease and comfort were obtained at so heavy a cost to yourself. Regretfully I bring our present relations to an end, impelled, I assure you, by the promptings of a heart-felt friendship. I loved the simple people amongst whom my lot was cast, and looked forward, at the termination of my sentence, to end the balance of my days peacefully amongst them. The world, seen from so great a distance, and from within so sweet a nest, frightened me, old stager that I am. God knows, I have never seen but its ugliest side, and return to it with profound depression. Kindly explain my abrupt departure to the Scanlons, and, if you would do me a last favour, buy a little rocking-horse that there is at Edwards' store, price three dollars, and present it in my name to my infant god-daughter, Apeli Scanlon. To them all kindly express my

warmest and sincerest gratitude: and for yourself, dear friend, the best, the truest, the kindest of men, accept the warm grasp of my hand at parting.—Ever yours, JOHN SATERLEE."

"It must have been the Hamburg barque that sailed last night," quavered Scanlon.

Of course, Skiddy blew that Scanlon up. He wiped the floor with him. He roared at him till the great hulking creature shook like jelly and his round, black eyes suffused with tears. He made him sit down then and there, swore him on the Departmental Bible, and made him dictate a statement, which he signed in the presence of the cook. This accomplished, Alfred was ingloriously dismissed, while the Consul went out on the back verandah and sat there in his pyjamas to think the matter over.

It seemed a pity to rouse the Department. The Department's interest in Saterlee could at no time have been called brisk, and it had now ebbed to a negligible quantity. But it would be just like the Department to get suddenly galvanised, and hysterically head Saterlee off at Hamburg. This would mean his ultimate return to Samoa, and a perpetual further outlay of fifty-five dollars from a hard-earned salary! No, he wouldn't worry the Department. . . . Let sleeping dogs lie. There were better ways of spending fifty-five dollars a month. . . .

That night the Consul had champagne to dinner, and drank a silent toast—

"Good luck to him, poor old devil!"

THE END.



Girls brought him flowers to wear round his neck

perplexing subjects—medical, legal, nautical, and military. On Sundays Skiddy paid the Captain a periodical visit. He would bring the latest papers—if there were any—or a novel or two from his scanty stock. Their original friendship had died a violent death, but a new one had gradually risen on the ashes of the old. Skiddy had no more illusions in respect to this romantic-minded humbug and semi-pirate; but the man was likable, tremendously likable—and in spite of himself, the little Consul could not forbear suffering some of the pangs of remorse. The world was so big, so wide, with such a sufficiency of room for all (even romantic-minded humbugs and semi-pirates), and it was hard that Providence should have singled him out to clip this eagle's wings! There was something, too, very pathetic in Saterlee's contentment. He confided to Skiddy that he had never been so happy. With glistening eyes he would discourse on "these simple people"—"these good hearts"—"this lovely and uncontaminated paradise where evil seems never to have set its hand"—and expatiate generally on the beauty, charm, and tranquillity of Samoan life. He dreaded the time, he said, when a ruthless civilisation would sweep it all away.

Saterlee and he took long walks into the mountains, invariably accompanied by a Scanlon brother to give an official aspect to the excursion. It maintained the fast-disappearing principle that Saterlee was a convict, and under vigilant guard. It served to take away the appearance besides (which they might otherwise have



## A UNIQUE PICTURE: THE INTERIOR DETAIL OF A BURMESE THEATRE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BURMAH.



A BURMESE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MANDALAY.

The entertainment was given in a marquee within the Palace grounds in Mandalay. The principal performer had, as a child, danced before King Theebaw. She wore a tight-fitting pale-pink silk dress; flowers were round her head, and chains round her neck. The proscenium-arch was painted in imitation of brickwork, and at the sides were red draperies. The orchestra was very curious. Within circular enclosures were musicians who played on little gongs. Outside were performers on cymbals, on keyed instruments resembling short clarionets, and on wooden clappers joined with a hinge like tongs and manipulated by both hands. Along the top of the proscenium ran a row of electric lights.







# A. STRANGE DANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN MADRAS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Rajah of Cochin. Prince of Wales. Princess of Wales. Lady Amphill.



Lord Amphill.

Rajah of Puducottar. Sir Walter Lawrence.

A DANCE OF KHONDS, ABORIGINES FROM THE GANJAM HILLS, AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN ON THE ISLAND, MADRAS.  
BY THE NATIVE COMMUNITY OF THE PRESIDENCY.

The Khonds wear on their backs shields made of leopard-skins and thick cloth. Both hands are left free for fighting. Mr. Stanley Reed, of the "Times of India," writes: "Besides the many evidences of the high educational development of modern Madras, the Prince and Princess were confronted by a survival from prehistoric India. At an entertainment given by the

native community, a band of Khonds, aborigines from the Ganjam hills, danced a war-measure African in its primitiveness. The social development of the Khonds is indicated by this fact—in substituting buffaloes for human sacrifices they apologise to their gods, pleading that it is the order of the British Government, on whose broad back the anger of the offended deities should be visited."

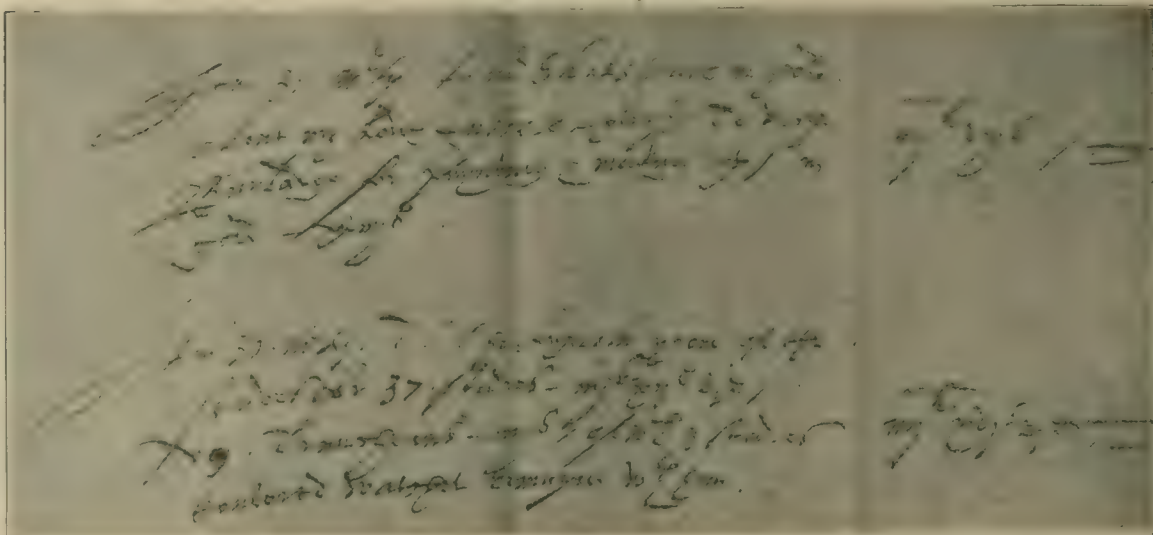


## THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED NOTICE OF SHAKESPEARE IN 1613.

BY SIDNEY LEE.

THE discovery of this mention of Shakespeare's name sheds a new and unsuspected light on the great dramatist in his last days. He is shown to be engaged, in obedience to a call of fashion, with a close professional friend in designing, for decorative purposes, a semi-heraldic device and motto, at the request of a rich nobleman who was closely identified with the literary society of the day.

According to the entry in the document, which is here reproduced for the first time, Shakespeare, on March 31, 1613—three years before his death and near three years after he had ceased active work in the theatre—received payment of the sum of



THE NOTICE IN THE EARL OF RUTLAND'S ACCOUNT-BOOK AT BELVOIR CASTLE.

The top entry runs as follows: "Item 31 Martii to Mr. Shakspeare in gold about my Lordes Impreso-xliiij. To Richa[rd] Burbadge for paynting & making yt-in gold xliiij."

in whiteness alone]. The other [of the Earl of Montgomery] was a Sun casting a glance on the side of a Pillar, and the Beams reflecting, with this Motto *Splendente refulget* [i.e., It shines in the splendour of light]. In which devices there seemed an agreement; the elder Brother, to allude to his own nature, and the younger to his fortune." (*Splendente refulget* was a tag from a Latin poet.) To modern eyes these devices, in spite of Wotton's commendation, seem examples of a very tame symbolism. Of the other "imprese" devised for the occasion, Wotton writes contemptuously: "Some were so dark that their meaning is not yet understood; unless perchance



THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE'S FRIEND, RICHARD BURBAGE, THE GREAT ACTOR.

It is believed to have been painted by Burbage himself. The picture is in the Gallery of Dulwich College.

friend and professional colleague, Richard Burbage, who was a skilled limner as well as an eminent actor, to employ his pencil and brush in transferring to the shield the pictured emblem with the motto. It was the habit both in Italy and England for distinguished poets to engage in the devising of "imprese" for rich noblemen. Sir Philip Sidney was an acknowledged master of the art, and the poet Samuel Daniel translated into English an Italian treatise on the subject with some additional suggestions of his own by way of proving his fitness for such employment as Shakespeare accepted in 1613.

Although details of Shakespeare's device and motto have not yet come to light, Sir Henry Wotton, a spectator at the tilting-match or tournament where Shakespeare's and Burbage's joint effort contributed to the brilliance of the Earl of Rutland's array, has left on record a description of the scene. He was especially attracted (he informed a friend) by the painted "imprese", which the noble tilers displayed on their shields or dress. Wotton only describes two "imprese" fully, and neither of these is the Earl of Rutland's. "The two best [of the imprese], to my fancy," he writes, "were those of the two Earls [of Pembroke and of Montgomery, the brothers who figure in Shakespeare's biography and bibliography]. The first impresa [of the Earl of Pembroke was] a small exceeding white Pearl, and the word *solo candore valeo* [i.e., My value consists

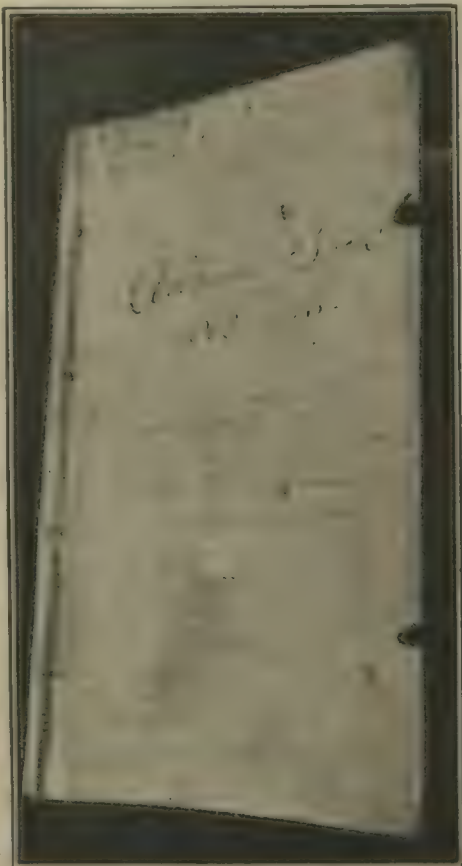


THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE, NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

There is a tradition that this picture was by Shakespeare's friend and fellow-actor, Richard Burbage, who was also an accomplished portrait-painter.

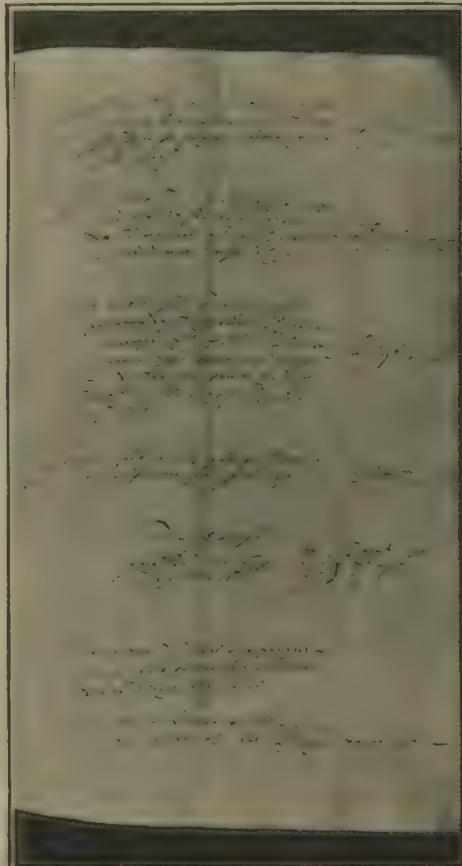
forty-four shillings "in gold" in acknowledgment of suggestions made by him for elaborating the equipment on a great ceremonial occasion of the fifth Earl of Rutland, who had lately succeeded to the title and was inaugurating a reign of great splendour, alike at Belvoir Castle and at his residence in London.

The "impresa," in devising which Shakespeare's skill was enlisted, was a pictorial device linked to an appropriate motto, of which every man of fashion in Elizabethan or Jacobean England acquired one or more specimens for his exclusive personal use. These "imprese" were of Italian origin, and a great literature on the subject in the Italian language came into being in the latter end of the sixteenth century. The Earl of Rutland in 1613 was in need of an "impresa" to be painted on his shield, for display at the great tournament or tilting-match in which he was summoned to take part at Whitehall on March 24, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of King James the First's accession to the English throne. The Earl, who was a friend of Shakespeare's early patron, the Earl of Southampton, was an enthusiastic playgoer, and cherished great admiration for players and playwrights. At the same time that he commissioned Shakespeare to exercise his ingenuity in the invention of an "impresa" for the tournament, he invited Shakespeare's great



THE GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACCOUNT-BOOK CONTAINING THE ENTRY.

The book gives the household expenses of the Earl of Rutland in London and Belvoir Castle, 1612-13.



THE FULL PAGE OF THE EARL OF RUTLAND'S ACCOUNT-BOOK.

At the top of this book, on the page reproduced, stands the Shakespeare entry, here discussed.

that were their meaning, not to be understood." It is to be feared that Shakespeare's and Burbage's labour was included by Wotton in this unsatisfactory category. Small and insignificant as was the service which Shakespeare, in partnership with his old friend Burbage, condescended to render the Earl of Rutland, the episode is not out of harmony with the existing evidence of the great dramatist's character or habits; for, in spite of his supreme genius, he is known to have engaged most readily in all the practices which current fashion asked of literary men of whatever degree of eminence. Sir John Evans has suggested that the payment of the forty-four shillings "in gold" was made to Shakespeare by the Earl of Rutland's steward in two newly circulated gold coins called "unites" or "jacobuses," worth at the date twenty-two shillings each. The prefix of "Mr." before the dramatist's name was then the accepted mark of gentility, which was rightly due to Shakespeare as bearer of a coat-of-arms. The full size of the account-book from which this entry has been photographed by Mr. Alfred M. Emary, of Grantham, is 12½ inches by 8½ inches. The second entry refers to the purchase of staves and truncheons for the same tilting-match.

For permission to reproduce these entries, and for access to the account-book, grateful acknowledgment is due to the courtesy of the present Duke of Rutland.



# FEATS OF INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP IN "THE MODEL STATE."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PAINTING BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Prince. Maharajah.

Princess.



AN EXHIBITION OF HORSEMANSHIP BEFORE THE PRINCE AT MYSORE.

Just before the Prince and Princess of Wales left Mysore, a troop of the Maharajah's horsemen gave an exhibition of their skill in riding. They went past standing at the salute upon their mounts. With the Prince was the Maharajah, and the Princess watched the performance from a motor-car.



## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

MR KEBLE HOWARD has certainly a very remarkable power of interesting us in people who in real life would bore us horribly. In some of his earlier books, particularly the idyllic country sketches, his characters were of the kind one likes to meet on a day's tramp. But in "The Smiths of Surbiton" (Chapman and Hall) Mr. Howard deliberately chooses the humdrum for his subject and compels his reader to take his story and himself kindly, even to the last word. Mr. and Mrs. Smith begin life rather comfortably at Surbiton. He is a clerk with a decent salary and chances of advancement in an insurance office. She is the daughter of well-to-do parents. They are not troubled with intellect or emotion; the great suburban middle-class has set its seal on their foreheads, has supplied them with an unalterable set of ideas, an unelastic and unlovely speech. But these things are no handicap to the Smiths, who climb slowly from prosperity to affluence, endure small domestic worries, rear infants, crack their small jokes, and enjoy what Providence sends them in a very hearty, solid British way. Mr. Keble Howard knows all about everything in Smithdom; he understands spring-cleaning and the wisdom of the "char-lady," he thrills us when the eldest Smith arrives, and compels sympathy when Georgie lies at the point of death. The wonder is how he does it all, for this is not his *milieu*. That he has handled a dull subject without being dull is the best proof of Mr. Howard's humour.

There exist no works of their class more entertaining than "Nollekens and His Times" and "A Book for a Rainy Day." To the student of London and of painting—no unusual combination if we read the signs rightly—they are also invaluable. Mr. Gosse brought "Nollekens" within everybody's reach a few years ago with appropriate notes and comment, and now Mr. Wilfred Whitten, displaying no less care and learning, performs a like office for the book which won for its author the title of "Rainy Day Smith" (Methuen). John Thomas Smith was a born gossip, and he was also put early in excellent training. For he was only a boy when Joe Nollekens, taking him by the hand, showed him the curiosities of London—a small place in the days when people had their country houses in Marylebone. Besides being an engraver, Smith was a dealer in engravings, though not professionally, and no conjunction of occupations can be imagined so likely to lead to the acquisition of knowledge of his special subjects. Finally, he succeeded William Alexander as Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, in which post he apparently indulged to the full his inherent love of a gossip, which, after all, had even more to do than favourable opportunities with the success and value of his books. Adding greatly to the interest of this edition are the reproductions of contemporary prints, excellently selected, which illustrate it. Smith's own notes, which were really interesting afterthoughts, have been mainly printed in the text by Mr. Whitten, who adds notes of his own. If he has been somewhat profuse in his additions to "A Book for a Rainy Day," as he himself suggests—why, he likewise supplies the unanswerable excuse, "Our climate has not improved."

The literary, political, and artistic Bohemia of Paris always possesses a fascination for English readers, and those who enjoyed "An Englishman in Paris" will find much to interest and amuse them in Mr. R. H. Sherard's more up-to-date chronicle, "Twenty Years in Paris" (Hutchinson). The writer of these latter-day recollections of noted Frenchmen and Frenchwomen is not only a journalist, he is also a great-grandson of the poet Wordsworth, and he has written some of his chapters—notably those describing de Lesseps in his old age, and King Oscar of Sweden, as well as the passages referring to Renan and Daudet—with real distinction and charm. Many will turn with painful interest to the last pages of this book, where new light is thrown both on the Dreyfus affair and on the last days of the author of "De Profundis." Mr. Sherard seems to have been in touch with all the noted personalities of the Paris of the 'eighties and the 'nineties, and the catholicity of his friendship extended from de Maupassant to T. A. Edison, with whom he records the most curious conversation on that somewhat gruesome subject, electrocution. It is by no means easy to write a book dealing with many still living personages without outstripping the bounds of good taste, and Mr. Sherard may be congratulated on never having allowed his journalistic zeal to outrun in this matter his gentlemanly discretion.

Claudius Clear, it would seem, cannot write himself out. His latest work, "The Day-book of Claudius Clear" (Hodder and Stoughton), is full of shrewd wisdom and caustic comment. Its judgments upon men are as sound as its judgments upon books. Its author puts the fruits of much reading and a wide experience of certain aspects of life before his readers without affectation or parade. He discourses upon the various varieties of "swelled head" with the solemnity of the man of science who has made a particular study of his subject. He gossips about the art of packing in a way which preachers and speakers with ears to hear might find invaluable. He utters sage advice as to the advantage of attending to one's serious affairs before considering the embroideries of life. He discusses with equal facility men as different as George MacDonald and James Payn. He never bores you, and that is a virtue not lightly to be esteemed in the person who writes the modern equivalent of the ancient essay.

A book on the chief master of the later art under the second Empire ("Gérôme." By C. Moreau-Vauthier. Librairie Hachette) depends for its interest and for its readers upon a rather belated taste and upon elderly men. M. Moreau-Vauthier, it is true, deprecates fashion;

"Fashion is the ridicule of to-morrow," as he quotes some sayer of pointed things; nevertheless, there is a tide in the affairs of art. The painting of Gérôme was of its date—as distinct from what had preceded as from what has succeeded it. Therefore his friends must not be offended if some, at any rate, of its qualities should cease to be of actual interest. He was a very thorough workman, and there was science in his work: capable work, a hand, an eye, a knowledge, and an intelligently directed will, all applied to painting, produce a picture certainly, but not necessarily a work of art, whether eminent or intimate. M. Moreau-Vauthier expressly abstains from criticism, and devotes his book to anecdote. The fact that he was not bound by the master's most emphatic detestations, so that he admired Manet even while Gérôme was warning his students against the fatal following of the then innovating impressionist, does not make his anecdotes less amusing or his telling of them less hearty. He traces the vestiges of the painter through the novitiate of difficulty, through the triumph of a great success in Paris, across the Imperial Court, and into that East which, in a Parisian way, he loved, and which he rendered so smoothly. He had eyes to see how little colour there is in the countries that are fullest of light—how grey they are; but with him they were French grey. Art apart, Gérôme was certainly a man of honour and of good-nature; there are anecdotes to show it.

The books dealing with South America which have recently come under our notice have been remarkable for the quantity of information they contain; and Mr. Percy Martin's "Through Five Republics" (Heinemann) is no exception to the rule. The author is a journalist who, in pursuit of his calling, has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for gratifying an apparently insatiable appetite for facts; and this volume of nearly five hundred pages represents the fruit of observation and inquiry conducted for a space of three years. If we cannot congratulate Mr. Martin on his literary style, we can cordially praise his industry and catholicity of interest. Nothing escapes his critical pen; he has something to say about politics, social life, cattle-rearing, railways, mining enterprise, domestic servants, journalism, trade, lotteries, law, police, education—every conceivable subject; and if the result is hardly a book which the general reader is likely to peruse with avidity from cover to cover, it is one which will be invaluable to anyone seeking information on any point relating to Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Chili, or Venezuela. The progress made by the first-named Republic during the last twenty years is astonishing, and it might be even more rapid in the future were industrial enterprise in some of the large towns less handicapped by corrupt municipal administration. Mr. Martin attributes the progress of Argentina to the large proportion of British who have settled there; the chronic condition of political unrest deterring the investment of capital in the sister States. Granted firm government and peace, the author makes it clear that there are vast possibilities in Brazil, Uruguay, and Venezuela. The numerous photographs are excellent and, for the most part, well chosen to harmonise with the text; and there is the copious index a book of this character requires.

Mr. Amédée Forestier paints, and Mr. G. W. T. Omond writes about "Bruges and West Flanders" (A. and C. Black) from two different points of view. Mr. Forestier's pictures represent what might be seen any summer day by the visitor at Ostend who was (in his way of looking at it) silly enough to leave the front and the Kursaal for such played-out places as Furnes and Adinkerque, or Bruges or Ypres. Not always indeed exactly what he would see, for, although in the main these drawings are reproduced in colour very successfully, sometimes the process breaks down, and we find Adinkerque, for instance, painted redder than ever actually it was even at Kermesse time. But these failures are few, and, moreover, cannot be blamed upon Mr. Forestier, who gives us very faithful, as has been said, and often very charming representations of Flanders of to-day. The splendid past does not peep out in them. The cities are not gilded with romance. Bruges neither is seat of the magnificent Philip the Bold nor is it Bruges-la-Morte of the decadent novelist, but just the somewhat humdrum place which, in spite of its picturesqueness, the inhabitants make it, with a new port which they hope may perhaps restore some of its vanished trade. Its vanished glory, on the other hand, gone beyond the recall of Parliaments and engineers, is what Mr. Omond seeks to recover in his pages. As he rightly says, it is their history which gives these Flemish towns interest and attraction. That history it would be impossible, of course, to record in the pages at his command, so he has selected special incidents, like the murder of Charles the Good, fruitful motive for novel and drama, and has treated them fully. It is a wonderful story of decline and fall. But Mr. Omond is not entirely concerned with memorials of the past. He finds room also for details of the very material present. He has, for example, an interesting chapter on the farming of this most purely Flemish part of Flanders, where love of the land keeps the people still thickly settled. They do not grow fat on agriculture. Food is extremely simple, and is earned only after hard work, summer and winter, by both farmer and field labourer. There is little margin, of time or of money, for the refinements of life. But the Flemings are a gay as well as an industrious people, and the months fly round wonderfully for them between Kermesse and Kermesse. In strong contrast with the continuance of this agricultural population in conditions which have not changed essentially for generations is the rapid development recently of the coast of Flanders as a cosmopolitan pleasure-resort. As with some other enterprises of great profitability but more doubtful propriety, the credit for this is due to that excellent business man, King Leopold.

## LORD RANDOLPH.

THE obvious objections to filial biographies might have been expected to apply with special force to the case of Mr. Winston Churchill. For his father's tragic career was embittered by many political quarrels, and of these the most bitter were the personal differences within the Conservative party from which the son has severed himself. Further, Mr. Churchill's own public utterances have not been marked by undue amiability, or by any notorious willingness to make allowance for the natural deficiencies of less-gifted beings. And yet he has succeeded in producing a book ("Lord Randolph Churchill." Macmillan. Two vols. 36s. net) which excels in precisely those qualities for which the reader would hardly have hoped to look. Very wisely Mr. Churchill has determined to set forth the story of his father's life without rancour or malice; to let the hardest political hater of his generation speak for himself, and to erect a monument to a brilliant statesman, which men of all schools of politics can agree in accepting as worthy. The pitiful decay of Lord Randolph Churchill's physical and mental powers before he had reached the age at which most men are pleased with the prospect of minor office—he died before his forty-sixth birthday—caused a sharp revulsion of feeling in his favour. Men ignorant of the truth had cruelly misjudged some of his later eccentricities, but in his best years he had alienated many friends. Few believed that he had a high conception of public duty. He forced his way ruthlessly to the front, showing no mercy to those who blocked his path. He delighted to scarify those who were nominally his political comrades: long and honourable political service offered no shield against Lord Randolph's attacks, while respectability positively invited his most cruel shafts. And the worst of it, from his victims' point of view, was that he soon became a great power in the constituencies.

During the days of the Fourth Party—whose doings have been excellently chronicled elsewhere by Mr. Harold Gorst—Lord Randolph's guerilla warfare did more to weaken Mr. Gladstone's authority than all the orthodox oratory of the responsible Conservative leaders. The record of the years 1880-84 has a peculiar interest to us who have seen the Liberals once again sweep the country—this time with a majority as much greater than that of 1880 as their present leader is a lesser man than his predecessor. The Conservatives were divided in the House, powerless in the country. Lord Randolph adopted with success the paradoxical plan of increasing their hold on the people by accentuating the divisions in the party councils. Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, firm personal friends and political allies, saw themselves made the figure-heads of opposing factions. The Fourth Party persecuted Sir Stafford (there is no other word for it), and, having made the leadership of Lord Salisbury inevitable, compelled him to compromise with their demand that the whole party organisation should be made democratic. It is not surprising that Mr. Arthur Balfour to some extent parted company with his brother condottieri, but it was unfortunate that the process of amalgamation (when "the old gang" had to accept the new partner) squeezed out Sir John Gorst. Lord Randolph undoubtedly was staunch to his friends, but he could not always serve them effectively. The defeat of Home Rule in 1886 was largely due to the fact of his pre-eminence in the Conservative councils. His brief tenure of the India Office in the Ministry of 1885 (he leaped from the status of a private member to Cabinet rank with no preliminary training as an Under-Secretary) showed that he was a competent Administrator and not merely a mordant political critic. The Conservative victory of 1886 installed him as Leader of the House and Chancellor of the Exchequer. And then, before he had introduced his first Budget, he resigned in a manner which violated all political etiquette and gave very justifiable offence to the Queen. He delivered an ultimatum to Lord Salisbury, and it was rejected.

Most people imagine that the young Leader of the Commons was making an insanely bold bid for the leadership of the party, but Mr. Winston Churchill has thrown a new light on the resignation. It appears that it is quite untrue, for one thing, that Lord Randolph "had forgotten Goschen." He had been particularly anxious to bring the Whigs into the Ministry. We are now given the draft of the Budget, and can see that it was, in its way, as democratic a document as Sir William Harcourt's Budget of 1894. Lord Randolph wished to remodel the death duties and give remissions of income tax, tea duties, and tobacco duties. The actual breach occurred over the military and naval estimates, but it is clear that there were fundamental differences of policy between the Chancellor and his colleagues apart from his determination to carry on the worst traditions of Gladstonian finance by weakening the national defences.

There is no need to suppose that he was plotting against Lord Salisbury, and, in fact, his biographer proves that the circumstances of his resignation quite put this theory out of court in the case of so shrewd a tactician. But he was constitutionally incapable of playing second fiddle, and his experience of official life was so meagre that he did not understand how (as Mr. Morley has shown us) even so predominant a leader as Mr. Gladstone could not always get his own way in his own Cabinet.

The biography will stand very high among books of its class, for, short as was the political life of its subject, it tells the story of a unique career. Mr. Churchill's style is admirable, his knowledge amazingly wide. It is hard to realise that these pages convey the views of a man at the threshold of political life. The book contains many letters of great interest, particularly a series of letters that passed between Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph. And the biographer has taken to heart an important fact in his father's later years: "He had never made a personal attack on any of his late colleagues, nor can I discover any unkind or acrimonious word used about them."



# THE MOST SACRED CITY OF THE HINDU RELIGION: BENARES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

HALTING-PLACE, FEB. 19, 20.



RESULTS OF THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, BENARES.



A TEMPLE LANDING-PLACE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GHAUTS, BENARES.



OUDAIPUR PALACE, BENARES.



THE MAHARAJAH OF BENARES

BENARES, visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales on February 19 and 20, is the most sacred city of the Hindus. It stands on the northern bank of the Ganges, 420 miles from Calcutta, and skirts the banks of the Ganges for three miles. All the way the river is lined with broad flights of stairs, called ghauts, which play a very large part in the religious ceremonies of the place. Hither the Hindus come to bathe—an act which they believe ensures the remission of sins—and at the Burning-Ghaut the Hindu counts it blessed to have his body reduced to ashes. Although from the river Benares looks exceedingly picturesque, the city is very disappointing: its streets are little more than



BUKARUGA KHOOND, BENARES.

narrow lanes running between lines of tall dismal houses: but with its crowds of priests and pilgrims, its sacred animals wandering at large, and its innumerable shrines the place is curiously interesting. Its holiest fane is the Golden Temple of Siva, and the wealthiest is the Gopal Mandir. Other remarkable buildings are the Nepalese Temple, Aurungzebe's Mosque, and Rajah Jai Singh's Observatory. A short distance from the town, at Sarnath, is one of the most sacred spots of Buddhism. There Buddha, for the first time, "turned the wheel of the law," which is the Buddhist metaphor for preaching. The place is marked by the Dhamek Tope, a vast tower 120 feet high.



WHERE BUDDHA FIRST TAUGHT: DHAMEK TOPE.



THE SUMAREE TEMPLE AT BENARES.



G. D. Kelley. G. N. Barnes. C. Duncan. P. Snowden. J. T. MacPherson.  
C. W. Bowerman. J. Parker. G. J. Wardle. F. W. Jowett. T. F. Richards. T. Summerbell. T. Glover. J. R. Clynes.  
J. H. Jenkins. J. Hodge. W. Hudson. G. H. Roberts. S. Walsh. A. H. Gill. J. Seddon.



W. T. Wilson. A. Wilkie. J. Ramsay Macdonald. A. Henderson. Keir Hardie. D. J. Shackleton. Will Crooks. J. O'Grady. Will Thorne.

NEW FIGURES ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE LABOUR PARTY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PARK.



THE LOSS OF AN AMERICAN PASSENGER-STEAMER AND 70 LIVES: THE "VALENCIA" ASHORE OFF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY FROM A SKETCH BY C. R. PATTERSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN VANCOUVER.

On January 22 the "Valencia" struck on a reef of rocks on the west side of Vancouver Island, a few miles south of Cape Beale. A salvage-tug was sent from Victoria, but only fifteen of the crew were rescued. The steamer became a total wreck.



## THE EX-PRESIDENT'S RETURN TO PRIVATE LIFE.

DRAWN BY PAUL THIRIAT.



ENFIN CHEZ NOUS: M. AND MME. LOUBET ENTERING THEIR NEW ABODE, NO. 5, RUE DANTE, PARIS.

On February 18, M. Loubet welcomed M. Fallières to the Elysée, and then drove to the flat he has taken at 5, Rue Dante. The ex-President, who was escorted by two squadrons of cuirassiers, was awaited at his new residence by all the Ministers except M. Rouvier. The new President and Prime Minister bore him company to the Rue Dante.





"A NASTY FALL."

FROM THE PAINTING BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.—(COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.")



## THE BURIAL OF KING CHRISTIAN IX. AT ROSKILDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DELIUS.



THE COFFIN CARRIED INTO THE CATHEDRAL AT ROSKILDE



King of Denmark. King of Greece. Queen of Denmark.  
THE ROYAL MOURNERS AT ROSKILDE.



Queen Alexandra. Frederick VIII. Duke of Cumberland.  
THE QUEEN AND OTHER MOURNERS AT ROSKILDE.

Illustrations-Gesellschaft.



VETERANS OF THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR LINING THE ROUTE.



THE ROYAL MOURNERS AT THE RAILWAY STATION, ROSKILDE.

The body of King Christian was removed from Copenhagen on February 16, and was taken to the Cathedral of Roskilde, the ancient burial-place of the Danish Sovereigns. The coffin was placed in the chancel and was covered with the Danish flag, a white cross on a red ground, which, according to the legend, fell down from heaven. On Sunday, the 18th, the final funeral service was held in the Cathedral in the presence of all the royal mourners, and the body was afterwards laid in the Chapel of Frederick V.



## SPLENDID PREPARATIONS FOR A MONARCH'S CREMATION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAQUEZ.



WIDOWS OF THE LATE KING NORODOM I. OF CAMBODIA HONOURING HIS REMAINS.

For two years the King's remains, saturated with mercury and doubled up with the knees to the chin, have lain on this catafalque enclosed in a finely chased urn. Day and night bonzes have chanted prayers, and Norodom's widows, with shaven heads, have mourned for their lord. Last month the body was solemnly cremated.



# CHAMPIONS OF THE DOG WORLD AT CRUFT'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.



THE SERAPH. MISS SPOTTORHO  
FIRST PRIZE & CHAMPIONSHIP  
SPANIEL.



HIGH LEIGH BLARNEY.  
MR. H. R. COOK'S 1ST PRIZE & CHAMPIONSHIP FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER.



MOLLY-BERRY.  
MR. A. BRADBURY'S 1ST & CHAMPION DACHSHUND.



CHINGFORD LASSIE.  
MR. L. H. GARD'S 2ND & CHAMPION  
MALTESE



VRELOST OF REDGRAVE.  
MR. L. J. CHINGS 1ST & CHAMPION GREAT DAHE



WALKLEY QUEENIE.  
MR. W. DEAMAN'S 1ST & CHAMPION  
POMERANIAN.



PRESTON SHOT.  
MR. MANGIN'S 1ST PRIZE  
SPANIEL.



PADHAM PERFECTION & PADHAM NORDIA  
MR. A. MURPHY'S 1ST & 1ST & SPECIAL  
BORZOI.



CHRYSANTHEME. MRS. A. H. PARKER'S  
1ST & CHAMPION.  
ST BERNARD



ROYAL YAMA HITO.  
MR. G. LLOYD'S 1ST & CHAMPION  
JAPANESE.



BOB. BOYDLER.  
MR. R. de C. DEELES 1ST PRIZE  
SPANIEL.



L'ENFANT PRODIGE.  
MR. CROUCH'S 1ST & CHAMPION POODLE.



ST RONANS RANGER  
MR. M. RAWSON'S 1ST & CHAMPION  
DEERMOUND.



NUTHURST DOCTOR  
MR. E. WATERLOW'S CHAMPION  
BULL-DOG.



PERFECTION. MRS. RIPLEY'S  
CHAMPION SKYE-TERRIER



BETTY OF POMFRET.  
MISS C. R. LITTLE'S 1ST & CHAMPION FAWN PUG.



BRANDESBURTON JUDITH  
MR. C. WOODHEADS 1ST & CHAMPION DACHSHUND.

## NOTABILITIES AT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW FOR 1906.

Cruft's Show for 1906 opened on February 14 at the Agricultural Hall, with an advance of nearly 200 entries on last year. There were 600 classes, and 3857 entries in all. Owing to the Court mourning the King's and Queen's dogs were unfortunately withdrawn.



## AN AUTOCRAT STUDYING CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AN EXAMPLE FOR NICHOLAS II.: PETER THE GREAT WATCHING THE PROCEDURE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

During Peter's residence in London, Lord Dartmouth took the Tsar to the roof of the House of Lords, where he watched the Second Chamber transacting business.



# FASHIONABLE PARIS ON SKATES: NORWAY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.



BETWEEN FIVE AND SEVEN P.M. AT THE PALACE OF ICE.

The fashionable world of Paris holds quite a family party between five and seven p.m. at the Palace of Ice. A French writer says that the scene, viewed from one of the galleries, resembles a huge marionette entertainment played upon a stage of glass. Every sort of skating is to be seen, from the timid attempts of the beginner to the finished art of the professor.



## DINING OUT IN 1905.

In the social and domestic history of England relating to the past year of grace, 1905, there is perhaps no more interesting or remarkable feature to chronicle than the vastly increased number of people who during that period have adopted the Continental fashion of taking their meals in public. The Englishman's home, be it a lordly mansion, a humble flat, or obscure suburban villa, is still his castle, but, within it, a revolution among his retainers and servitors, more especially those of the kitchen and scullery, has been fast spreading. This has placed a heavy tax on the pleasures and privileges of domesticity, and as a result lords and masters have been driven to seek means of counteracting the evil. Some of them have tried the experiment of sending their wives and daughters to schools of cookery, but the only effect of their lessons has been to awaken the ladies to the truth that even if they possess that *rara persona*, a household cook competent to grill a chop, and withal a most careful, painstaking person, it is beyond her gastronomic abilities to serve a dinner as it should be served to those who know—as, of course, they now know—what good cooking is, with the limited appliances of their private establishment.

"Let us to a restaurant," is then the cry. Paterfamilias begins to count the cost. Such extravagance would not be

wealth of choicest flowers and soft music, with all that can be conjured up to enchant the senses far beyond any that existed in the more formal stateliness and solemn silence of an old-world dinner-party at home. For it is not alone the ability and fame of a chef-de-cuisine that proves so attractive and fascinating, and which, having tempted diners-out, is able to retain their

multitude of people of widely varying tastes and requirements. He must possess the gift of a prophet, the genius of an inventor, the skill of a magician. He must be everything to an individual guest, all things to an assembly. This being so, it is not too much to say that the increasing success of the Savoy is largely due to the present General Manager; and in witness that Mr. Henry Pruger possesses in no mean degree those attributes above specified, it may only be necessary to recall the several remarkable banquets, "picture dinners" they have been called, which have been arranged and carried out by him. Everyone will remember the extraordinary Gondola Dinner, given in June last by a wealthy American at a cost of £3000, when, at twenty-four hours' notice, the old courtyard of the hotel was transformed into the Venice lagoon, on which floated a leviathan Gondola wherein four and twenty guests banquetted beneath a Southern moon. A day or two later the same place was transplanted, and became a charming Japanese garden, in which Prince and Princess Arisugawa were entertained by the Japanese Embassy. In the beautiful Louis Seize room,

Admiral Jewell, of the United States Navy, was the guest of the Pilgrims Club—which, by the way, has its headquarters in the Savoy Hotel. On this occasion the tables



DINNER TO ADMIRAL JEWELL.

justified, he thinks, until one day he reads in his *Times* the first of a series of interesting articles descriptive of the Savoy Restaurant. It is headed: "The art of *not* keeping house." His curiosity is excited, keenly so when he reads the testimony of the famous Savoy Chef, Maitre Thouraud, who has made the calculation that the diner at the Savoy Restaurant pays him just seven farthings for his services, while the home cook is paid eleven farthings for each person at each meal, and, further, that notwithstanding the fact that he has under him a kitchen staff of some 240 hands, and that his cooking-butter costs three shillings a pound, Maitre Thouraud asserts that for "a dinner, soup for soup, fish for fish, quality for quality," one may dine at a less cost at the Savoy than in his own house or club. It is enough. The careful head of the house is persuaded that it would be a splendid economy to virtually close his kitchen, and, with his family, dine out. Such may be taken as an illustration of the chief cause of the increased and ever-increasing rush to the restaurants—by people who can afford it to the Savoy or other Restaurants de Luxe, others of more limited means to a half-crown table d'hôte in Soho.

Incidental to the subject of these remarks it may be instructive to draw attention to the figures recently published showing the enormous increase in the business done at the Savoy during the last past year, while the remarkable list of notable visitors, also made public, includes representatives, it might be said, of nearly every noble family in the land. A large percentage have become recognised habitués, others who in days gone by were wont to entertain friends at their own board, now, glad of the opportunity of avoiding much anxious care and responsibility, invite them to dine at the Savoy. There they find prepared for them at a few hours' notice a feast that might have delighted that most renowned critic of gastronomy, Lucullus, perfectly served amid a



GRAND FOYER, SAVOY RESTAURANT.



FROM THE MOUTH OF THE CHANNEL.

patronage. Much, very much, is due to the skill, the tact, the artistic instinct of the General Management. The post of Manager of a high-class restaurant is one compared with which that of a high-class steward in a nobleman's household is a sinecure. His stewardship demands service satisfactory to a



ENTENTE CORDIALE MUNICIPALE DINNER.

were arranged to represent masted and flag-bedecked battle-ships of England and America. Among other what might perhaps be described as historical dinners at the Savoy may be mentioned that given by the Boz Club on the anniversary of Charles Dickens' birthday, at which Lord James of Hereford presided; the Kimberley Dinner, presided over by Sir John French, and attended by Lord Roberts, Prince Alexander of Teck, and other distinguished officers of the South African campaign; a dinner given to Mr. Joseph Knight, the veteran critic and journalist, at which all the leading lights of the literary and dramatic profession were present under the chairmanship of the late Sir Henry Irving; a dinner where a private gentleman entertained sixty guests inside a huge basket of roses; an automobile dinner, a novel and pretty feature of which was the menu forming the awning of a miniature motor-car in white and gold, flower-laden and placed before each guest; and, more recently, the Entente Cordiale Municipale banquet, when the Paris Conseil Municipal were received by Lieut.-Colonel Clifford Probyn. Then there was a very interesting supper party to meet Signor Giacomo Puccini in celebration of the production at Covent Garden of his opera "Madama Butterfly."

These events may be recited as Savoy Managerial triumphs in 1905. During this New Year, Mr. Pruger will doubtless excel himself in the magician's art. It is, indeed, whispered that a banquet on the most sumptuous scale will be given at the Savoy to Admiral Togo and his officers during their visit to England; and, further, that in the height of the summer season the scene of the Venetian dinner will be changed to the Arctic regions, where a dinner will take place on board an ice-bound ship; and lastly, there is a possibility of a banquet, the novelty a menu the items of which will be composed of liquid air. Nous verrons.



GONDOLA DINNER.



## THE LATEST ENGINE OF WARFARE.

FROM America comes word of a new engine of warfare, which, it is claimed, will further the interests of universal peace—by being more destructive than the famous Whitehead torpedo. It is known as the Bliss-Leavitt turbine torpedo, and the authorities of the United States Navy think so well of it that

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Venerable Dean of St. Paul's received many congratulations on his eighty-seventh birthday. His health is wonderfully good, considering his advanced age, and he is regular in his attendance at the Cathedral. Dr. Gregory has now been connected with St. Paul's Cathedral for thirty-eight years.

Mr. William Baker. Lord Kinnaird presided, and cordial speeches were made by Lord Brassey, Canon Fleming, and Prebendary Carlisle. Archdeacon Wilberforce, who had hoped to be present, was kept away by illness.

The Bishop of Stepney has taken a warm personal interest in the East-End mission which opened on Sunday at the Wonderland Music Hall in Whitechapel. The Rev. St. John Woolcombe, Head of Oxford House,



Photo, Beasley.

A NEW ENGINE OF WARFARE: THE AMERICAN TURBINE TORPEDO, HOISTED UP AFTER FLIGHT TO BE RECHARGED AND FIRED AGAIN.

they have decided to adopt it, in the belief that it is one of the most powerful weapons of modern naval warfare. It will travel eight or ten knots faster than the latest Whitehead torpedo, and twice the distance, its extreme range being 4000 yards, and its speed from thirty-five to thirty-seven knots. Its contracted range is 3500 yards; its war-head carries a charge of 132 lb. of wet guncotton; and it is driven by a 130-h.p. turbine-engine. Each of the weapons costs over a thousand pounds, and the United States Government has already voted two million dollars for a supply of them.

Over four hundred members of Oxford University were present at Canon Christopher's missionary breakfast. For the first time the Canon was not himself able to be present. The Rector of Exeter College described the gathering as one of the greatest bonds of union in the Christian life of Oxford. Canon Christopher is now in his eighty-seventh year. An interesting address was given at the breakfast by the Rev. H. V. Weitbrecht, for thirty years C.M.S. missionary to the Punjab.

At Exeter Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 15, a very cordial welcome was given to Dr. Barnardo's successor,



Photo, Beasley.

THE TURBINE TORPEDO, TWICE AS DEADLY AS THE WHITEHEAD: A CROSS SECTION OF THE TAIL.

is the missionary. On Sunday next the Bishop of London opens his eagerly-expected work in North London, which he will continue during the whole of Lent.

Encouraging accounts have been received of the health of the Bishop of Truro, who is staying with Mrs. Gott and his family at Antibes. Another invalid prelate, the Bishop of Argyll, shows signs, I regret to learn, of slowly failing strength.

The Dean of Carlisle will preach his farewell sermon as Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. Gurdon, his successor, will be instituted by the Bishop of London on April 5. V.

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CARL HENTSCHEL.

## THE PROGRESS OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM AND COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

IN the progress of Photography nothing has been more striking than its rapid conquest of the whole field of pictorial illustration, as one comparison will show. When Lord Palmerston died, in 1865, the leading illustrated journal in London promised its readers that his portrait should be engraved in A FEW WEEKS. Now, many morning papers illustrate the events of the preceding day, and Carl Hentschel, Ltd., the firm which provides most of the blocks for such illustration, contracts to supply urgent engravings in A FEW HOURS from the delivery of the originals.

The story of Carl Hentschel, Ltd., a London firm, which, by British, and even American, admission, leads the whole world's craft of Photo-Engraving, is, in a quite special sense, a personal narrative. Mr. Carl Hentschel's father, the late Mr. August Hentschel, working in London in the late 'sixties and the early 'seventies, foresaw that Wood Engraving was too slow to cope with the growing demand of illustrated journalism, and, after much original research, evolved a method of reproducing drawings by mechanical engraving on metal. Carl Hentschel, as a lad, worked day and night assisting his father to develop his various inventions.

Belief in his future induced Carl Hentschel at sixteen to undertake what was practically a managing position in one of the two or three houses which then made up the Photo-Engraving craft of the Metropolis. In 1887, while still in his very early twenties, he started in business for himself at 182-3, Fleet Street, with six hands, the number having steadily increased to 400 at the present date.

Half-tone as the craft knows it to-day was not practised when Mr. Carl Hentschel in his teens first worked in process; but George Meisenbach, with his invention of a cross-lined screen, laid down the foundation of that

Half-tone Process which has revolutionised modern illustration. In course of time Mr. Carl Hentschel treated successfully for the purchase of the business. Thus the world-renowned Meisenbach House became part and parcel of the Hentschel concern.

After devising one important illustrating process and acquiring the rights and goodwill of another, the next step was the scientific study of colour engraving—its optical, chemical and mechanical laws, conditions and phenomena. The result has been that the firm's Colourtype Department now possesses certain very important and very rigidly guarded secrets, on which its success in Colour Engraving

was set up at Goldsmith's Street, Gough Square, off Fleet Street, and on these foundry premises a reserve photo-engraving studio was equipped. Yet another studio was provided close by as a reserve in case of accidents.

In fact, the three concerns controlled by Carl Hentschel have taken leading parts in giving to the world:

1. The modern Illustrated Journal.
2. The successful Commercial Catalogue.
3. The Book Beautiful.

Roughly these three may be said to be the product of 182-3-4, Fleet Street, of the Meisenbach Works (at West Norwood) and of the Hentschel-Colourtype Works at Knight's Hill.

The processes worked by Carl Hentschel have been one of the powers which entirely revolutionised Illustrated Journalism and the Popular Press in the Nineteenth Century, and the Twentieth Century opens with a new achievement—the reproduction of colour by Photography, by the aid of the Hentschel-Colourtype Process. Regarding the first, the *Daily Graphic* and the *Daily Chronicle* were the earliest to realise the new power and the access of journalistic fortune which Hentschel engraving "afforded" for the editor's "taking"; the *Daily Graphic*, by the way, was the first daily paper to make use of Meisenbach half-tone blocks, an example followed by many of

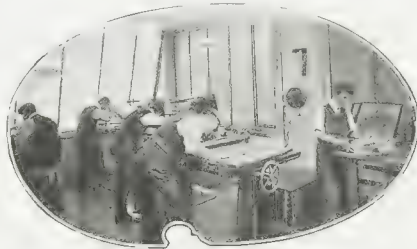


THE LARGEST STUDIO DEVOTED TO COLOUR WORK IN ENGLAND.

the important Daily Newspapers in London and the Provinces, whose readers are now familiar with Carl Hentschel's Blocks.

The first weekly papers to use Meisenbach blocks were the *Lady's Pictorial*, *Illustrated London News*, *Sporting & Dramatic News*, and the *Sketch*, may claim to be the first sixpenny entirely illustrated with Process Work.

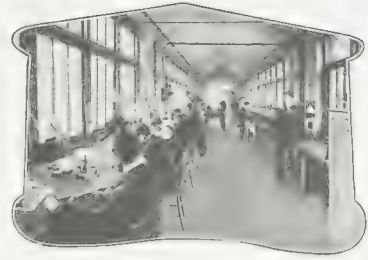
The modern Illustrated Catalogue, with its branches in the form of advertisements in the magazines, is a factor in retail trading. Manufacturers abroad are securing many contracts for their goods owing to the good use they make of well got-up Illustrated Catalogues. Unless English manufacturers desire to be left in the rear it is imperative that they should realise that a good Illustrated Catalogue brings business. It is even a greater power in wholesale and export business, especially since the development of colour reproduction. Hundreds of tons of commercial



WORKING AT THE ROUTING MACHINES.

travellers' samples have been removed from "the road," and great expenses for temporary stock rooms have been saved, since manufacturers of stoves, pottery, carpets, linoleums, jewellery, wall-papers—yes, and even biscuits and pickles—have been able to have the shapes, colours, and even textures of their goods reproduced by photo-mechanical printing. Even in monotone, fine reproduction and printing have given us commercial and engineering catalogues (notable cases are those of cycles and motor-cars) which can "go anywhere and do anything" in the making of sales; and which have borne a material part in the recent great revival of British trade. The Meisenbach Co. is the catalogue department of the Hentschel aggregation. It does EVERYTHING in catalogue production. And it has recently developed a new speciality, most successfully used in the General Election—the photo-mechanical poster.

The Book Beautiful, with its wealth of colour illustrations, at a reasonable price, has been almost entirely the work of the Hentschel-Colourtype Process, who made the reproductions for that grand series of "Beautiful Books" issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and hailed as the greatest achievements of the last two publishing seasons. Two of the daintiest books of the series are



ONE OF THE ETCHING ROOMS.

Mrs. Allingham's "Happy England" and "Homes of Temvson," which have been highly praised by the most fastidious critics, as has Mr. Arthur Rackham's "Rip Van Winkle," published by Mr. William Heinemann. When the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours gave sixty of their members' original drawings as a Coronation present to the King, the pictures were reproduced in a sumptuous volume, by Hentschel-Colourtype, and of his proofs Sir L. Alma-Tadema wrote: "If all the prints are as good as mine it will indeed be a fine book."

Hentschel-Colourtype is founded upon secret methods, and is unique among trichromatic processes. Perhaps it should be very briefly explained that its plates are prepared in accordance with the theory that blue, yellow, and red can and do give, when mixed in the proportions, any and every other visible colour. A scientific toy, the Chameleon Top, is a well known example of this trichromatic theory. Mr. Carl Hentschel has spent many years in costly experimenting to bring the process to a successful, practical basis. The results of the work during the past few years have fully demonstrated its commercial and artistic value.

One striking feature of the success of this process is, that in an industry which has in the past been monopolised by Germany has now been created in England, and it has been admitted that the finest colour work is now produced and printed in England by the aid of English labour.



ONE OF THE PROOFING ROOMS.

Amongst those who have shown their practical appreciation of one or all of the Hentschel concerns, and whose support is the guarantee for future success, are: the Government, which has employed the firms for reproducing South Kensington and other treasures; the County Councils, who use much illustration in their technical work; the great manufacturing and retailing houses of the kingdom; and the principal firms of general printers, and of book and magazine publishers.

A growth, in less than twenty years, from six to four hundred assistants, means much; the artistic and financial success of the businesses means more; but the greatest guarantee of future stability and progress lies in the fact that the very latest development is the most successful and popular; that the demand for all classes of Hentschel work is still growing, and growing rapidly; and that the colour reproduction which is now in use for luxurious books is already being taken up, and its results will be taken advantage of shortly by the great illustrated periodicals.



ONE OF THE MEISENBACH STUDIOS.



ONE OF HENTSCHEL'S MAMMOTH CAMERAS.



A HENTSCHEL-COLOURTYPE STUDIO.

mainly depends. This Hentschel-Colourtype Department is housed in new, spacious and splendidly equipped premises at West Norwood, under the management of Mr. Albert T. Clarke.

Very early after Mr. Hentschel's 1887 start it was found necessary to secure room in which to grapple with this extra newspaper work. Buildings were speedily occupied at Nos. 1-2, Hen and Chicken Court; then 184, Fleet Street was added to 182 and 183. An electrotyping and stereotyping foundry



## LADIES' PAGES.

NO royal bride ever married in a more trying blaze of publicity than the American President's daughter has had to endure. This is partly a tribute to her father's popularity, partly a display of characteristically American tendencies. It is taken for granted there that anybody who enters public life is willing to live before the public, together with all the members of his family. After all, it is merely a Republican extension of the same claim that is made in older countries about Royalty. With regard to Sovereigns and their families, we here and people in Europe adopt precisely the same attitude as the people of the States do towards their chosen leaders; as Tennyson rather violently put it, "the many-headed beast must know." It is recorded in Greville's Memoirs that Queen Victoria in her early years of married life objected to her Ministers about the prying public gaze bent on all her doings; but it was pointed out to her that the interest thus shown displayed real affection towards her personality, and she courageously accepted the liability accordingly, and never complained again, although, obviously enough, she always disliked it, and in her later life evaded it as far as possible. In the great Republic every person who in any fashion takes part in public life knows well that thenceforth the private life is to be lived in the open in exact proportion to the popularity achieved. I think that the unabashed interest there displayed is of a more kindly nature generally than the like attention here bestowed on Royalty. If Miss Roosevelt had had some degree of annoyance to endure about the public attention given to her marriage, she has at least received with it abundant material gifts expressive of goodwill, and beyond doubt at the same time countless "telepathic messages" of affection and kindly wishes for her future. She and her bridesroom are expected to be the guests of the American Ambassador in London during the season, and will certainly receive here every attention. On the tour that she made in the East some time ago she was quite as much recognised by the people of the countries visited as would have been a visiting Princess. A round dozen of the tulle-trimmed dresses made of the silks and embroideries presented to Miss Roosevelt on the occasion by the Empresses of Japan and China. The train of the wedding-dress was one of these royal gifts.

Geographical position gives an exceptional importance to the relations between the United States and



A "MAGPIE" EVENING GOWN.

Fine black lace is pleated and laid over a white glacé silk foundation. Princess style, and heavily embroidered down in sequins and glittering jet. The corsage herthe is beautifully draped and sleeves arranged to match in fine white lace

these lands of the yellow races. When Japan determined to learn all that the rest of the world could teach, and to engraft that knowledge on her own ancient civilisation—with the wonderful results that we have all recently been made to perceive—a number of girls as well as lads of the best Japanese families were sent off to the United States to receive their education. One of these was the young lady who in due time became the Marchioness Orama. At this moment the Chinese are slowly beginning to move in the same direction. They have not, indeed, as yet dispatched a large number of the young people of their leading families to receive an American education, but they have sent an Imperial Commission composed of two high mandarins and a suite of twenty-two persons to study the arrangements for education and all other details of social life in the States. This mission has recently landed in California, and the head of it, Tuan Fang, has stated that the Dowager Empress of China has determined to found in Peking a University for Chinese girls, and has told the mission to note particularly all about the women's colleges of America as models for her new foundation. The Chinese visitors, accompanied by a number of American dignitaries, went carefully over the Stanford University, the great foundation to which the millionaire husband and wife of that name devoted all their vast fortune as a memorial of their only son, who died early. Stanford is not a women's University, but a mixed one, and was originally intended to be equally open to young men and women; but Mrs. Stanford, with the usual unkindness of women to women which is the cause of so much disadvantage, quite at the end of her life ordered that no more than five hundred out of its possible thousands of students should at any time be girls. Those five hundred, however, have every educational advantage, and the Chinese mission, we are told, were "fascinated by the girls' Halls, and passed many interesting and complimentary comments."

It is a sign of the times that in countries like China and Japan, and in the European country which might have seemed perhaps nearest to these in slowness to receive new ideas, Italy, the position of women should be receiving consideration in so advanced a spirit. But so it is. In Japan a Women's Suffrage Bill has been introduced into the Diet, and is expected—so says the telegram—to be passed; while in non-representative China the higher education of women is to receive this Imperial assistance. The Italian item of news is that Signorina Beatrice Sacchi, sister of the intrepid explorer who died in Africa, and herself a doctor and a Professor at Mantua, has asked the authorities to place her name on the list of those qualified to vote at political elections. The Committee on Elections has reported on this petition that there is no law in existence prohibiting the voting of women otherwise qualified, and that the plea must be granted. This is the first time an Italian woman has claimed the vote. The latest news from America is that in the State of Oregon, which has recently adopted the Swiss system of

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legislation by "Referendum"—that is to say, referring a proposed law direct to the voters when ten per cent. of them have demanded that this shall be done—the required number have so desired the submission of the women's suffrage question, and it will accordingly be voted upon in June next by the men of Oregon. In our own country, the latest incident is the objection of a portion of the women belonging to the Textile Trades Union, of which by far the majority of members are female operatives, to their funds, being used to pay for the expenses of the Labour members for whom they cannot vote. Between 1901 and 1905 a total of 68,000 women working in the textile trades of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire petitioned for the vote.

It is sad news for the poor that leather is so much dearer than the price of boots and shoes is about to be raised: it is suggested by no less than fifty per cent. To supply foot-gear is one of the most difficult problems for the mother of many with a small income. It seems that this is one of the innumerable troubles that follow on war. The immense demand for leather for soldiers' boots created first by our own South African campaign, followed by the Russo-Japanese contest, has denuded the market of reserve skins, and the effect will be felt in our prices for years to come. So does the penalty of war reach in widely extended waves to the poor little children in the city slum and the country cottage! At the best of times they are ill-shod, and the wretched apologies for shoes holding the damp on wet days do more mischief than good. It is certain that bare feet would be better for children than poor shoes, if they were accustomed to it from the first. Scotch children used to go without any foot-covering, and profited by it in the form of hardy health; and I have known two separate wealthy households where parents brought up handsome and strong families on the same principle. But to suggest so novel an idea to the poorer class of London parents would be probably to arouse them to wrath alone. It might, however, be possible to introduce the French peasant's wooden shoes for wear in country districts. Some Lady Bountiful might at least try the experiment of importing a supply and offering them to the poor.

Everybody who draws knows the vast superiority of the Koh-i-noor pencils over the average blacklead; they are quite the leading manufacture of their kind. But possibly everybody is not aware of the extensive range of hardness and softness that these excellent pencils can be obtained in, and also of the fact that they can be had in propelling cases for the pocket and in the form of copying-lead pencils. If so, you should inquire for sample from your artist's colourman.

Some pretty little shawl-shaped wraps for spring are being sent over from Paris, and when the weather begins to grow mild will contest favour with the stoles that we already possess. The new stoles are rather large and are of the most pliable description, so that they can be

used as scarves or "throw-overs," quite-at choice. Fur stoles will, of course, be very serviceable during the chilly winds of English spring, but feathers are making the models that come for wear on more favourable occasions. Black ostrich-feathers with a supple white satin for lining compose a wrap so wide on the shoulders as to be almost a cape. Alternate bands of grey marabout feathers and grey guipure lace edged round with chenille fringe constitute another graceful stole. These handsome feathery fancies bring huge prices, but copies in less costly qualities are forthcoming. The little mantles, made with a deep point back and front like a shawl, come in cashmere and face-cloth in light colour, as well as in supple failles and chiffon velvets. There are little loose and short coats with very wide sleeves, too. None of these new wraps are long; especially they are apt to be cut up at the sides, to give a glimpse of the waist-line when this is defined in a corselet or shaped belt. Spring takes us unawares if we do not keep our eyes open in good time and get our ideas, if not our actual garments, ready.

All one's smartest-dressing friends are "trying" a corselet skirt. It is the novelty that they have unconsciously been wanting to arrive at, evidently, after so long a course of pouched fronts and folded belts. The slim and tall and graceful will undoubtedly find themselves suited by the corselet, and will be led on to a full Princess cut thereby, probably. A corselet skirt may have or dispense with braces according to fancy, but they are usually to be recommended; they may be quite plain straps of the material or they may be richly trimmed, according to the character of the gown. A blouse not reaching far below the bust—a guimpe, the French modiste calls it—must be provided, and may be of silk, plain or embroidered muslin, lace, or crêpe-de-Chine; equally it may be plain or gathered, but a certain fullness is decidedly preferable. Over the shoulders on each side a handsomely trimmed band of the material of the corselet

skirt passing as a brace is a decided addition to the effect. A short little bolero to wear out-of-doors conceals the braces, of course; but on entering a warm room it is a relief to slip this coatee off, and then the finish given by the *bretelles* is appreciated. However, their presence or absence is entirely a matter for personal choice. Another undecided point is where a corselet skirt shall open. It may fasten down the back visibly with buttons or a lacing, but this is not necessary; very often the exact front of the skirt is a flat panel, decorated with buttons in groups on each side, and opening under that at the left hand; or the opening may be, as in our Illustration this week, straight down the front, either plainly or concealed under a fold or a row of trimming—FILOMENA.



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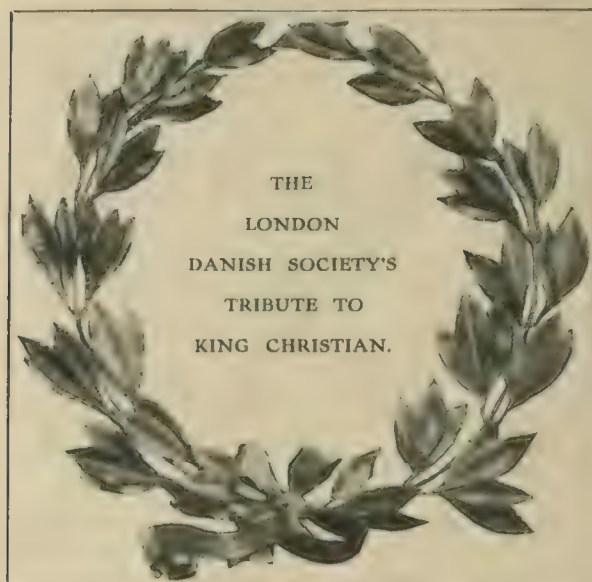
## ART NOTES.

AT the Rooms of the Fine Art Society are shown water-colours and statuettes by living Dutch artists. The material of the collection is good, the quarry from which it is drawn a rich one. Dutch art is alive just now. The elder Masters of Holland, Israels, Matthew and James Maris, and their fellows, have schooled the ambitions of the younger generation

rather than the joys, and the dilemmas rather than the tragedies, of humanity.

And the Dutchman still paints still-life extremely well; at least he does so in the person of Mr. Willem E. Roelofs jun., whose "Fish" and "Roses" are among the most notable things at the Rooms of the Fine Art Society. This painter has the "daylight touch," crisp, brisk, vivid. Having the touch that can express the bright actuality of light, he has also the eye

not fishes or roses, or vegetables, but the curious outcasts of the home—the iron skeletons of bedsteads, a dilapidated perambulator, an old stove, and old clothes. The composition of this drawing is as casual as a photograph's composition; it is very real, and the atmosphere investing the shabby debris of this market is almost beautiful. The bronzes are by Mr. Charles Van Wyk. At the same rooms are water-colours by Miss Evelyn Whyley, who has roamed with her paint-box "from the Alps to the Apennines."



The silver wreath sent by the Danish Society in London to be laid on the coffin of King Christian was designed and executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, the well-known silversmiths, of London and Sheffield.

in the paths they have themselves successfully followed. The result is a group of painters of definite purpose and attainment. And if the path they follow is narrow, it has the advantage of giving confidence and a sure heart to those who travel thereon. No Dutchman is led into the mazes of imagination, no Dutchman is tempted to scale peaks of achievement beyond his reach. He is satisfied with the small triumph, just as his ancestor was satisfied to paint still-life, the unemotional landscape; the humours

to appreciate the lively greys that clothe all things at certain times of the day in the year, giving the world that silver aspect which has always been the delight of the painter. Silver light and silver birches are the points of Mr. Bernard Schregel's charming drawing, "Birches." "The Last Rays of the Sun" is from the same hand, one which has the character to make itself twice felt among many attractive drawings. Most remarkable of all, however, is Mr. F. Arntzenius's "Market Scene," of which the still-life and goods are

Having a happy talent for lake-scenery, and with it carrying the suggestion valuable to every water-colourist that Turner is an admired Master, she has chosen her ground very well. The best of her drawings are "The Jungfrau from S. Beatenberg," "A Tranquil Day—Lago d'Iseo," "A Summer Night" at the same place, "Evening in Tuscany," and "Eventide, Thun."

M. Rodin, President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, coming to London to

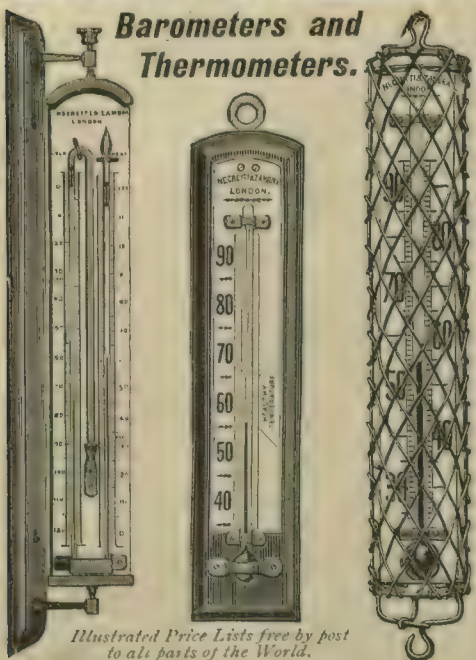


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preside at the opening of the second section of the International Exhibition, makes a considerable stay as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter in Old Burlington Street. One of the master-sculptor's recent works has been a bust of his hostess, whose features are familiar to all students of Mr. Sargent's art and all who observe the extraordinary talents of Signor Mancini. It speaks well for contemporary art, and for the luck of the woman of 1906, that she may be immortalised by three such Masters of the art of painting and sculpture.

The work of Mr. Sims is familiar to many through the few but striking pictures which he has shown at Burlington House. In the bright patchwork of the Royal Academy for the last few years nothing has been brighter than Mr. Sims's small works. Realising that the painter who is to attract attention must make violent signals, Mr. Sims used strong and original contrasts of white and blue, so that he not only signalled, but proclaimed at the same time his identity. But this game of signals is not calculated to develop the better powers, and Mr. Sims reveals his better powers in the more restrained works now shown at the Leicester Galleries. Inasmuch as interior light gives less opportunity for garishness than exterior light, we think Mr. Sims has been most successful in his study of a wash-house interior. The tone and colour of this picture are admirable, the disposition of the figures excellent, their character well suggested. Across the wash-house run strings upon which white clothes are hung to dry, and these white clothes, receding into shadow, have afforded an excellent opportunity for careful and refined study. In the same gallery those that remain of the incomparable drawings of Millet are still exhibited. The two examples from the collection acquired by the nation are the fine study for the picture "Les Glaneuses," and one named "L'Enfant Malade." "Acquired for and by the Nation" means that these drawings go into a portfolio in a room labelled "For students only," in the British Museum. When is England's treasury of drawings to be fittingly and publicly housed?

Charles Jacque was one of France's most robust etchers, and one who put to the best of uses the immense influence of Jean François Millet. An etcher of landscape and cattle, his subjects are just those of his great contemporary. In the collection of his plates at Mr. Gutekunst's gallery in King Street it will be seen that he was of prosaic mind and prosaic art, rather after the manner of the Dutch etchers of old, until he learnt to see with something of Millet's breadth of vision. W. M.

## MUSIC.

THE news that two complete cycles of Wagner's master work "Der Ring des Nibelungen" are to be given at Covent Garden in May will come with a sense of pleasant surprise to very many music-lovers, who will have additional confidence in the undertaking



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when they read that Dr. Richter is to preside over all the performances. No living conductor is better able to hold the balance between orchestra and stage or to insist upon the maintenance of the artistic proportion that was so dear to Wagner himself. The time arrangements of last year will be adhered to, and there will be no restriction, in the matter of dress save where hats

and bonnets are concerned. These must not be worn. Moreover the comfort of the serious musician is to be secured by the closing of the doors with the beginning of each act, so that late comers will find themselves in the same condition as the Peri in the second line of "Lalla Rookh." The first cycle will be given between the 4th and the 9th of May, and the second between the 12th and 18th of the month, and the other arrangements for the season will make it impossible to give an extra cycle under any circumstances. Prices remain as they were last year.

At the time of writing the engagements for the cycles have not been completed, but we shall hear several of last year's favourites. Frau Wittich will probably sing the Brunnhilde music; Frau Knupfer-Egli and Madame Kirkby-Lunn are engaged, and the tenors, baritones, and basses include Van Rooy, that splendid artist who ennobles all he touches; Zador, whose Alberich won so much applause last year; Whitehill, who is excellent as Wotan, and Messrs. Burrian of Dresden and Conrad of Cologne. A full list of artists will be forthcoming shortly. The star of Wagner's followers shines in the ascendant this year, for when they have whetted their appetite for the "Ring" at Covent Garden, the enthusiasts can satisfy it again at Bayreuth in July. It is to be hoped that the difficult work of finding a tenor to realise the countless possibilities of Siegfried's part has been accomplished. The real Wagner tenor is almost as hard to find as the philosopher's stone.

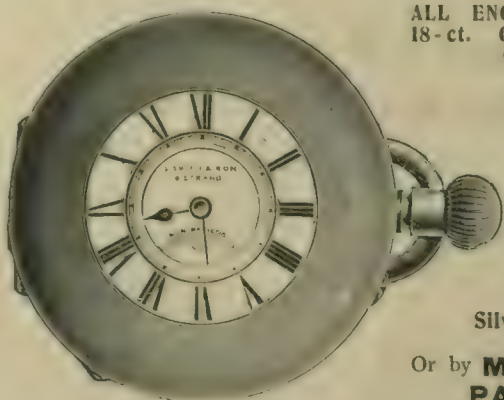
It is proper to make reference, however brief, to Dr. Richter's second appearance with the London Symphony Orchestra. He gave his large audience a programme that began with Elgar and ended with Beethoven, and was marked throughout by interpretation that seemed to possess some of the quality of a revelation. Moreover, he demonstrated the catholicity of his taste by introducing a new Symphonic Fantasia by Mr. York Bowen, who has written a clever piece of abstract work inspired, perhaps, rather than coloured by memories of modern Slavonic music. Too late for notice this week, Wassili Safonoff, the great Russian conductor, who is said to scorn the use of a bâton, presides over the London Symphony players; he is credited with the possession of a very intimate knowledge of Tchaikowsky's works, and, as the director of New York's Philharmonic Orchestra, he has secured the fullest measure of public appreciation. On Saturday night last the band of the Garde Républicaine was heard in the first of a series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden. The hearty welcome given to the orchestra suggests that the public will support M. Gabriel Parés and his popular band.

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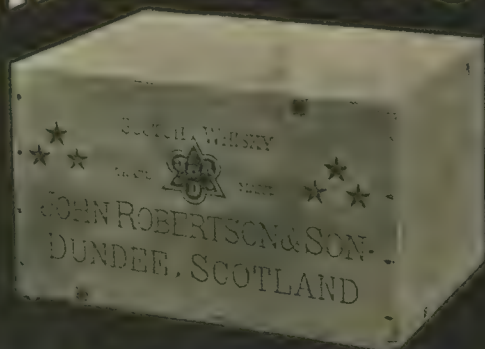
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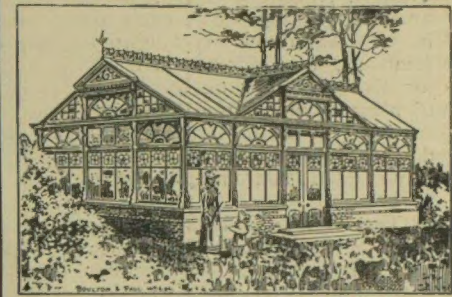
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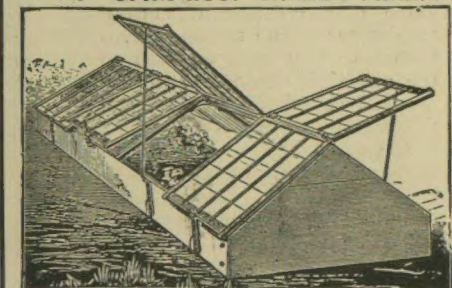
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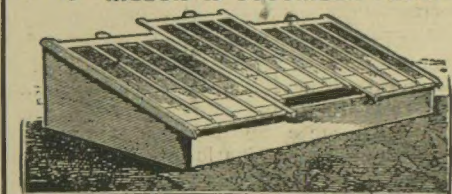
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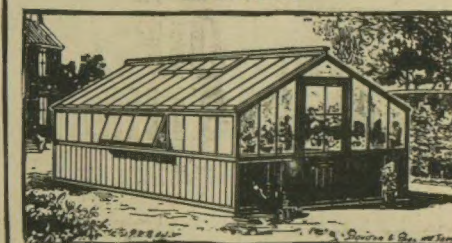
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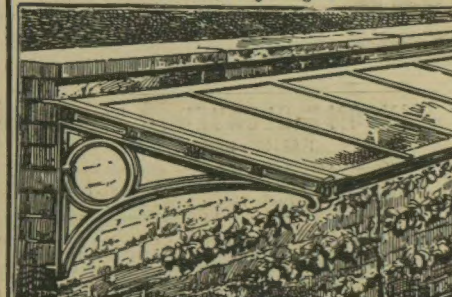


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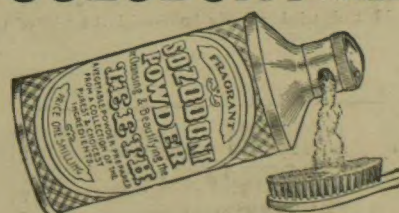
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated May 24, 1905) of MR. HENRY BINGHAM MILDMAI, of 46, Berkeley Square, a partner in the famous firm of Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co., who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Feb. 10 by Francis Bingham Mildmay and Alfred Mildmay, the sons, the gross value of the real and personal estate being £569,315. The testator appoints £28,000, settlement funds, to his children Francis, Alfred, and Beatrice; and he gives £40,000 each to his son Alfred and his daughter Beatrice; and £25,000 in trust for his son John for life, and then for his other three children. All his real estate and the residue of his personal property he leaves to his son Francis.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1902) of MR. FRED CRISP, of the White House, New Southgate, and Brooklands, Longstanton, Cambridge, founder of the drapery firm of Crisp and Co., Limited, Seven Sisters Road, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Feb. 9, the gross value of the estate amounting to £95,723. The testator gives to his wife, £2000, pictures to the value of £1000, and during her widowhood the income from the remainder of his property; but should she again marry, then an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her. The ultimate residue is to be held in trust for his children.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1898) of MR. WILLIAM CUNARD, of 95, Eaton Square, and 93, Bishopsgate Street, and Orleans House, Twickenham, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 10 by William Samuel Cunard, Ernest Haliburton Cunard, and Cyril Grant Cunard, the sons, and Ernest de Blois Brenton, the value of the estate being £224,914. He gives to his wife, Mrs. Laura Charlotte Cunard, £1000, all the house-

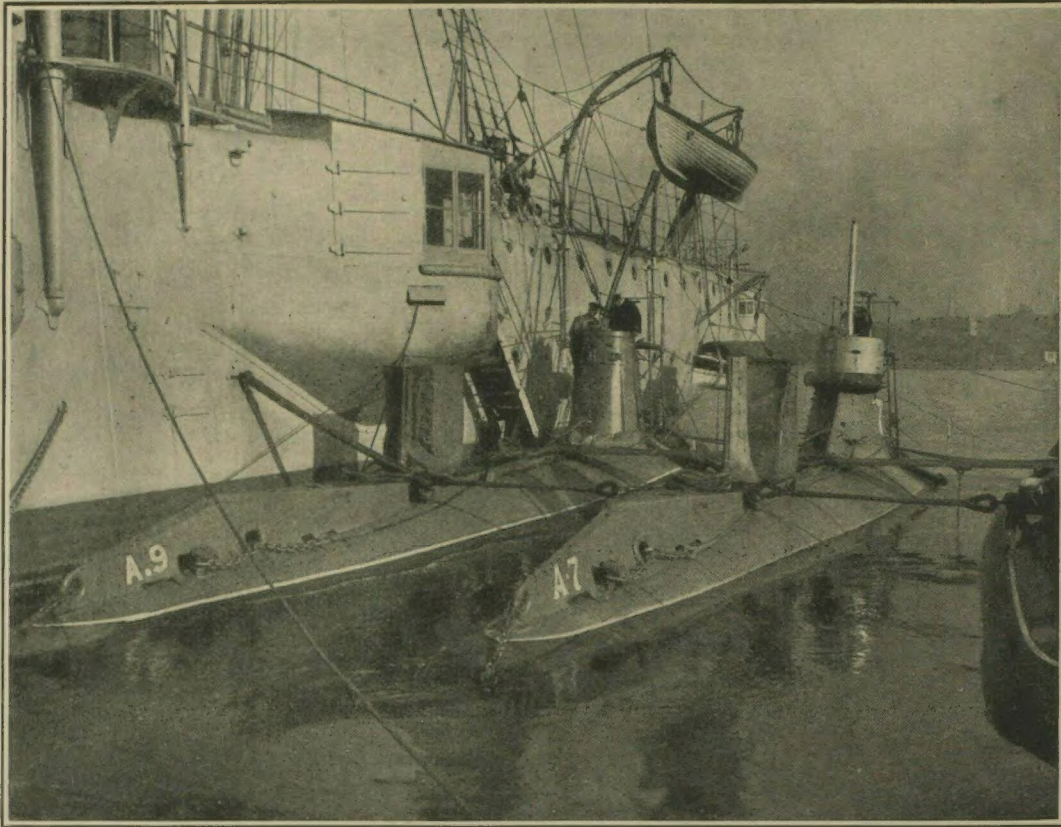
hold furniture, pictures, wines, horses and carriages, the use of his residences in London and Nice, and such an annual sum as will make up her income to £6000; to each executor £500 and £100 per annum for five years; £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Alice Mary; £500 to

to each of them absolutely, and the other moiety held, in trust, for them and their issue.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1902) of MR. GEORGE WILLIAM BROCKLEHURST, of Rock House, Sydenham Hill, and formerly of Liverpool, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Feb. 6 by Septimus Brocklehurst, the brother, and George Brocklehurst, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £253,133. The testator gives £1000 and £5000 a year to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Jane Brocklehurst; £5000 each to his three brothers, Septimus, Robert, and Henry; £1000 to his nephew George; and £500 each to Elizabeth Beaver Cleeve, Ella Sedgwick, and Margaret Priscilla Minton. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to fourteen nephews and nieces, the children of his said three brothers.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1900) of MR. THEODORE PANDIA RALLI, of 1, Claremont Gardens, Surbiton, who died on Jan. 2, has been proved by Mrs. Blanche Ralli, the widow, and Pandely Leonidas Argenti, the value of the property being £120,918. The testator gives £150 per annum to his step-mother, Catherine Pandia Theodore Ralli; and £10,200, and during her widowhood the income from all his property, to Mrs. Ralli. Subject thereto such property is to be equally divided among his children.

The will and five codcils of the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HENRY, second BARON LEIGH, of Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth, and Adlestrop House, Chipping Norton, who died on Feb. 5, have been proved by his son Francis Dudley, Lord Leigh, the value of the real and personal estate being £224,841. The testator gives to each of his younger children such a



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On February 13, "A 9" was struck by the steamer "Coath" in Cawsand Bay, Plymouth. Fortunately, she was not much damaged and was able to berth herself without assistance alongside of the mother-ship "Forth." Our photograph was taken on the 14th, when the damaged casing enclosing the conning-tower had been removed, and while the bent periscope was being hoisted out. The crew escaped uninjured.

Sir Bach Cunard; £300 to Henry Wittick; £250 each to George E. Francklyn and Fanny Allen; and other legacies. One third of the residue of his property he leaves to each of his sons, one moiety thereof to be paid

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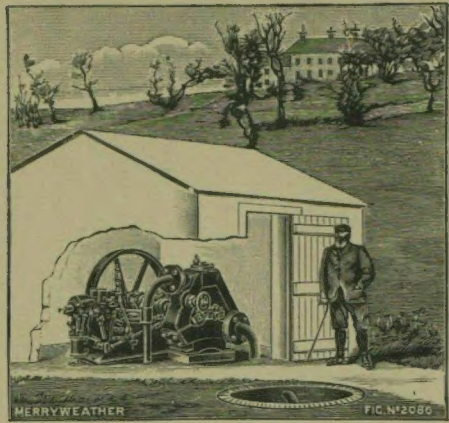
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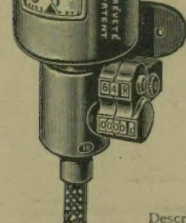
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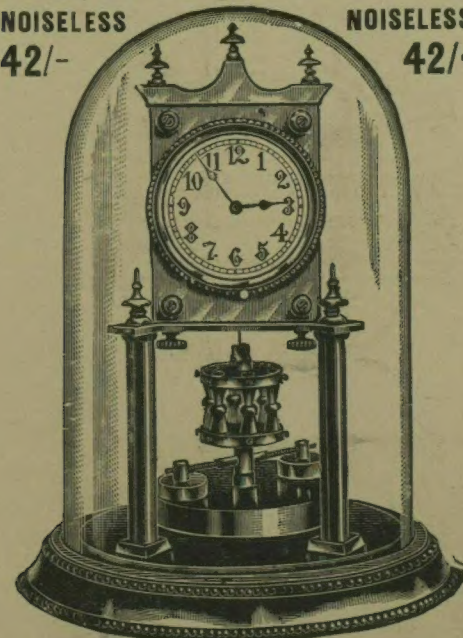
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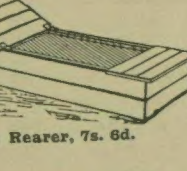
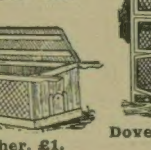
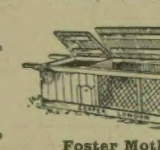
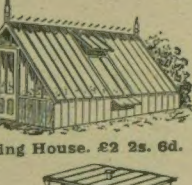
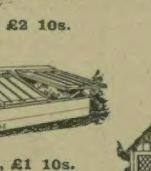
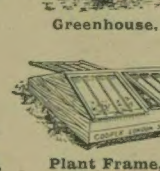
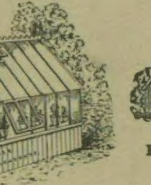
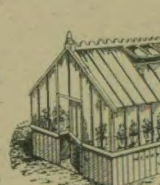
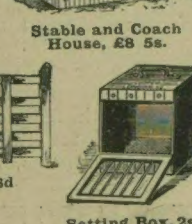
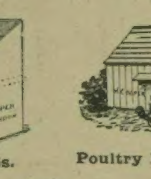
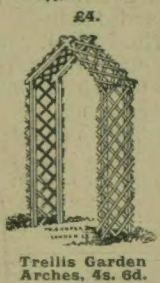
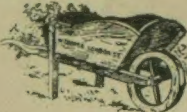
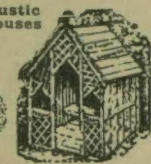
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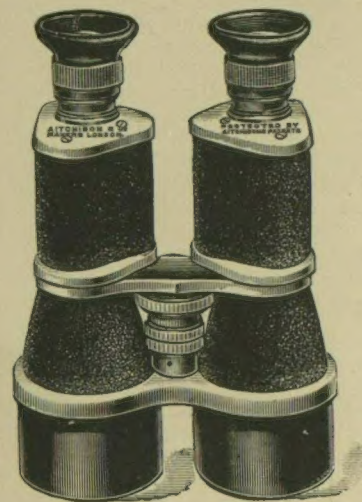
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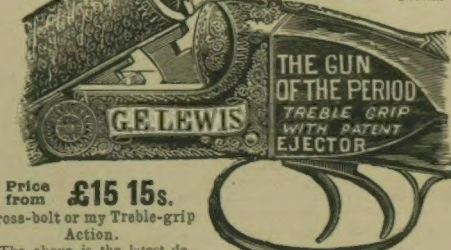
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sum as with what they will receive under settlement will make up £15,000, and an additional £7500 each to his sons Rupert and Rowland Charles Frederick; to his wife £5000 and the use of Adlestrop House and furniture; to his brothers and sisters £100 each; and legacies to servants. He settles his real estate on his eldest son and leaves to him the residue of his personal property.

The will of SIR WARWICK CHARLES MORSHEAD, Bart., of Forest Lodge, Binfield, Surrey, who died on March 17 last, was proved on Feb. 9 by Dame Sarah Elizabeth Morshead, the widow, and Frederick Morshead, the value of the real and personal estate being £44,511. Subject to a gift of a silver cup to his cousin, Robert Warwick, he leaves everything he should die possessed of to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1904) of MR. HOWARD PROCTOR RYLAND, of Moxhull Park, Warwick, who died on Dec. 28, has been proved by Thomas Howard Ryland, the son, and Richard Alfred Pinsent, the gross value of the estate being £175,077. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Ryland, £2000 and £1500 per annum for life; to his daughters, Millicent Mary Ryland and Gwyneth Ryland, an immediate legacy

of £250, and in trust for each of them £20,000; and to Richard Alfred Pinsent £500. Everything else he should die possessed of he leaves to his son absolutely.

The Agent-General for Western Australia has made arrangements with the Orient Royal Mail Line for a further reduction in the cost of passage of suitable and approved emigrants. The fare for approved emigrants will be £7 per adult from London to Fremantle.

Important alterations, accelerations, and additions will be made from March 1 in the London suburban train-service serving the Aylesbury and Chesham lines. The Marylebone terminus of the Great Central Railway is the pivot around which the perfected facilities will operate. As is well known, Pinner, Northwood, Amersham, Chesham, Aylesbury, etc., have for years been popular residential centres, but it must be admitted the train service hitherto provided has been inadequate. The enterprise of the Great Central Company in building new stock, comprising eight-wheeled first and third class carriages with most comfortable interiors, for use on the new service, together with important accelerations and additions of trains, is sure to meet with success and

develop the districts. From March 1 Marylebone Station will also be the centre of the inauguration of a new suburban route for the London man.

The directors of John Oakey and Sons, Limited, recommend the payment of a final dividend of 5 per cent. to the ordinary shareholders, making a total of 10 per cent. for the year 1905, and in addition a bonus of 5 per cent., free of income-tax. And they also recommend that £5000 of the year's profits be carried to the general reserve, raising this amount to £74,000, making, with the capital reserve, a total reserve of £77,734 16s. 10d., leaving a balance of £3579 17s. 5d. to be carried forward to next year.

The "Clergy Directory for 1906" (Phillips) has been very carefully revised and brought up to date. In proportion to its price it may claim to be the best book of its kind in the market.

The twentieth annual edition of Messrs. T. B. Browne's "Advertiser's A B C Press Directory" has been arranged after the style of previous issues. It contains an advertisement picture gallery in which are reproductions of advertisements issued during 1905, and an article on "Art in Advertising."

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